

1896



# The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY  
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.  
GREENOCK.

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# The Morning Watch.

1896.

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*VOL. IX.*

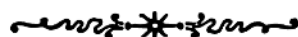
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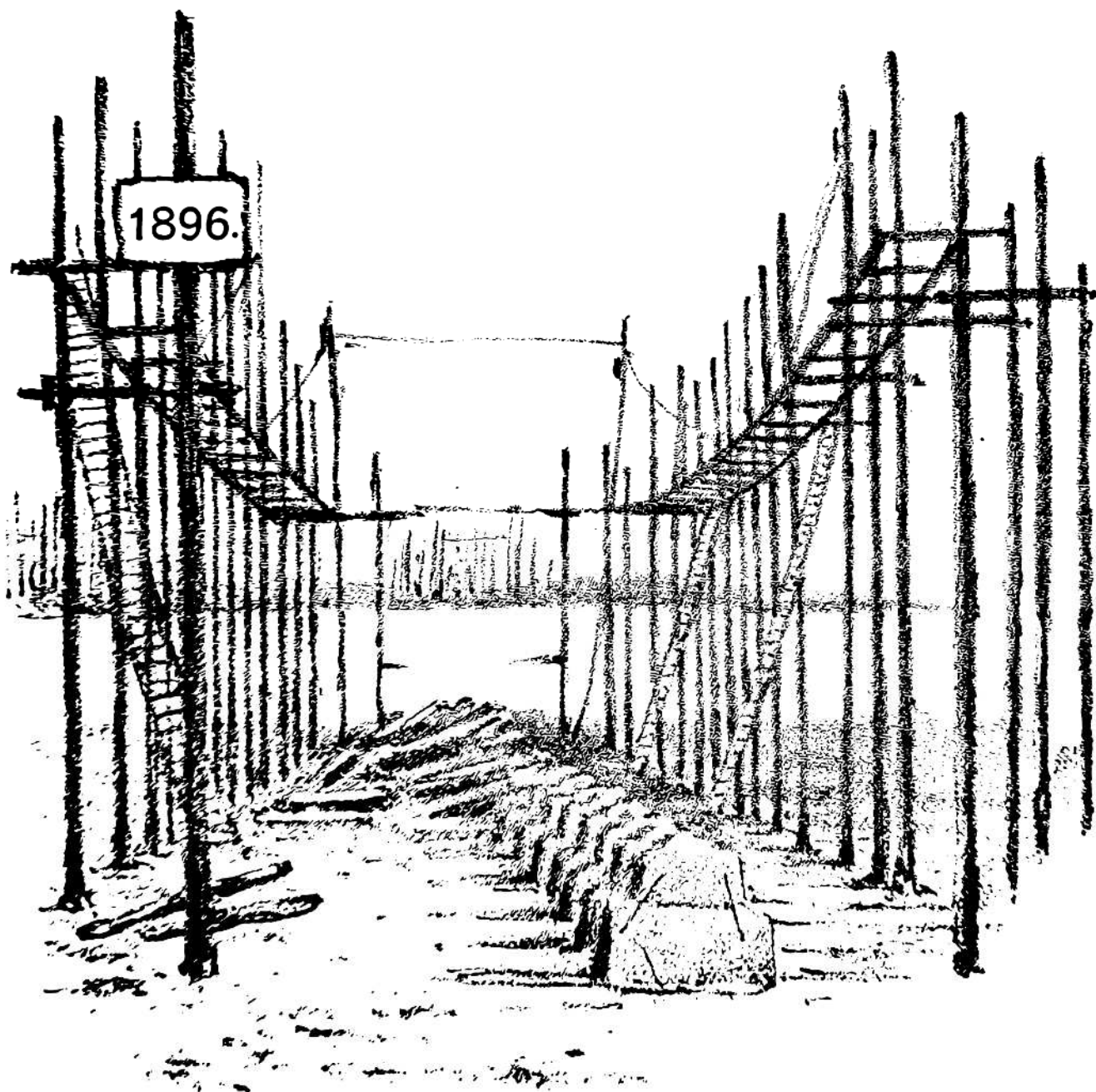
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# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 1.





### "No. 1896."

The long poles which surround a ship while it is building are meant chiefly to support the scaffolding on which the men work. The ship is not named till the last moment before it is launched, though the name of course is on the bows and stern long before that. But at first the ship is known only by a number. There was a ship, for example, built at Birkenhead in 1862, known for a time as No. 290, it being the two hundred and ninetieth ship built by the Messrs. Laird. But No. 290 is now known, and for all time will be known, as the *Alabama*, which, under Captain Raphael Semmes, for two whole years, during the American Civil War, roamed the seas, destroying the ships and ruining the commerce of the Northern States. Before she herself was sunk by the man-of-war *Kearsage* near Cherbourg off the coast of France on Sabbath, 19th June, 1864, she had captured sixty-five vessels. And because our Government did wrong in letting her be built in England, our Country had afterwards to pay £3,000,000 to the United States. The law-officer, on whose advice our Government depended, had gone for a holiday, it is said, and an hour or two before his letter came telling the authorities to detain her, the *Alabama* had slipped off to sea!

A mile and a half off, as I now write, I can see, shining in the sun, a green buoy floating, with the word WRECK painted on it in large white letters. That buoy marks the spot where a new ship, the *Auchmountain*,

took fire and sank, three years ago. It is not safe to anchor there now.

There is no ship that has not a history. The two I have spoken of have histories that are sad, each in its own way. But there are other ships upon every remembrance of which men thank God, ships that have done gallant deeds, and ships that have enriched and blessed the world.

Of which kind is No. 1896 to be?

O Boys and Girls! I plead with you in Christ's name to give yourselves to Him, body, soul, and spirit. Go to Him even now, on your knees, and say, "O God, I wish 1896 to be an acceptable year of the Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, and—I humbly trust—my Saviour. Amen."



**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

(Begun in February, 1890; continued from Vol. VIII., page 136.)

At the  
age of  
85

SIR ISAAC NEWTON died at Kensington, 20th March, 1727. He was born in 1642, the year in which Galileo died, in Lincolnshire, in a farm-house which still stands. His mother's name was Hannah Ayscough. Some one has said that God, Who is the Father of the fatherless, takes away parents from their children in order that He may the more fully have His Own way in their upbringing. And so it may have been with Newton, for his father died before he was born, and the little child lived to be so great a man that it has been said, that if all the geniuses that ever lived were gathered together, he would be the one at the head of the procession.

86 JOHN WESLEY closed his account book with these words, written with so tremulous a hand as to be scarcely legible: "I have hitherto kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is all I have." He died two years afterwards, in 1791.

86 FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT WRANGEL, who had held the supreme command in the Danish war of 1864, and had been present with the army during the war with Austria in 1866, wept because he was not allowed to take part in the war with France in 1870. "My old friend and comrade," said the Emperor William to him, "we must not both be away from Berlin at the same time." He died in 1877.

86 JOHN ELIOT, the Apostle of the Red Indians, died 21st May, 1690. Southey calls him "one of the most extraordinary men of any country." He was born in Essex, in England, and emigrated to America in 1631, when he was 27 years old. In 1639 he and Thomas Welde and Richard Mather were appointed to prepare a new version of the Psalms. It was called *The Bay Psalm Book*, and was the first book printed in North America. In 1646 he preached for the first time to the Red Indians in their own language. Fifteen years later he gave them the New Testament, and in 1664 the whole Bible, in their own tongue, the first Bible that had ever been printed in America. He published also an Indian grammar, the last sentence in which was, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything." The Indian language was not an easy one to learn; for example, the words in Mark i, 40, "Kneeling down to him," are one word in Eliot's Bible, and that word is *Wutappesittukgussunnoohwehtunkquoh*. The language is now extinct, but a copy of the first edition of that Bible, from its rarity and linguistic value, will fetch over £200 now. Eliot also translated *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*, and prepared an Indian primer, the only known copy of which is in the Edinburgh University Library. His last words were, "Welcome, joy! come, Lord, come!" His wife, whom he called "a dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful" woman, died three years before him, aged eighty-four.



## Sir Isaac Newton.



### The Noble Army of Martyrs.

#### I.—HOW IGNATIUS MARCHED TO THE LIONS AND THE CROWN, A.D., 107.

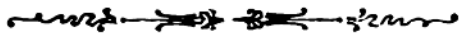
**T**HEY say that he was one of the boys whom Christ took into His arms, and over whom He breathed His blessing. I am

sure he never forgot it. I am sure the memory of it stayed with him and helped to make him the man he was.

When he grew up, he was a good soldier of his King. He preached Jesus, and His Cross, and His love which passes understanding, in the great city of Antioch. And the people honoured him; "none named him but to praise." Not

unto death, the first words of which in Latin, *Esto Fidelis*, were adopted, twenty-seven years after her death, by her son as his motto, instead of the old one long borne by his family, *Frappe Fort, Strike Hard*.

I hope, boys and girls, that you remember that your mothers gave you to Christ in the same way, and I hope that the very thought of that will always make you glad. "O Lord, I am the son of Thine handmaid."



A LADY once said to Dr. Andrew Bonar, "If Christ has the keys of death, then the first face I shall see will be *His* !"



### "The Road of Gratitude."

DURING a time of strife in the Island of Samoa three years ago, eight or nine of the native chiefs were put in prison. While they were there they were befriended by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and when they got out they showed their thankfulness by making a broad road for him from the public highway to his house. Roadmaking in the tropics is not an easy thing, and in Samoa it has been a fruitful source of rebellion. Vegetation there grows with a luxuriousness that we in temperate climes have no idea of. The plants and shrubs and weeds are strong and big and poisonous. Did you ever weed the corner of a bed of leeks, or hunt for a lost ball in a cluster of brambles or a clump of nettles? That would give one a

little idea of the sore and tiresome work undertaken by these chiefs. When it was finished and handed over to him in October, fifteen months ago, Mr. Stevenson set up a sign-board with the name on it which they had chosen—"The Road of Gratitude." He made them a wonderful speech, too, which is given in his "Letters from Vailima." It was a time of poverty, with famine threatening, yet, he said, "the lesson of the road might be more useful to the people of the island than a hundred bread-fruit trees;" useful as showing what love and energy could do, for the men who made it were some old, some sick, but all fresh from imprisonment, and it had been made in unusually hot unhealthy weather, and all for one who had come a stranger into their midst and had only tried to be their friend. Then he spoke about roads in general, and the part played by roadmakers in the world's history. The Romans, he told them, were the bravest fighters that ever were, and they were also the best at road building. And then he added: "Chiefs! our road is not built like their roads, to last a thousand years, yet in a sense it is. When a road is once built, it is a strange thing how it collects traffic, how every year as it goes on, more and more people are found to walk thereon, and others are raised up to repair and perpetuate it, and keep it alive; so that, perhaps, even this road of ours may, from reparation to reparation, continue to exist and be useful hundreds and hundreds of years after we are mingled in the dust. And it is my



hope that our far-away descendants may remember and bless those who laboured for them to-day."

We are all continually making roads; roads for ourselves, and roads in which others will follow after us. Whatever we do once, we are pretty sure to do twice, and some one will see us and walk in our steps. Every way we make should be a way of holiness, a path in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err, a road of gratitude to Him Who came a long long way to us that He might preach deliverance to the captives, and set at liberty them that are bruised.



HERE is a lady of my acquaintance who considers all birds to be her outdoor servants and retainers. They whistle, or chirp, or sing for her all the year round, and as there is no saying what countries they have not been in, she calls some of them her German Band, and some her Italian Band, and some her Blue-with-Hungarian Band.

Occasionally they work in her garden, too, digging well, if not wisely, and, if they cannot dig, at least they are not ashamed to beg. So their crumbs are put out for them every morning. But they provide their own liveries, a new suit every year, and they do their own washing and dressing.

Now, there is a dog in this lady's house called Spider, and Spider both looks, and is, a gentleman. He says little about the birds, but

he has his own thoughts concerning them. They are a great mystery to him. Their plumage is so sweet and neat, they eat so daintily, and move so gracefully, that he feels they must come of high degree. Of course he sees them pecking at each other and sometimes fighting savagely, but his own record in that respect is not spotless; there is one of his ears that bears the marks of a brother's teeth. But further, he notices that the birds not only eat less, but work more, than he does. And that makes him tolerant. He lives in constant dread of being put through his catechism. For what his chief end is he does not know. He would hardly like to say—"To eat and sleep and play"—and yet that seems to be all he does. When the birds, therefore, come for their crumbs, it has always been his wont hitherto to let them eat in peace. Occasionally young birds and strangers have said to him—"I hope, Sir, I am not taking what is not meant for me?" And then, with a pleasant smile, he says—"Oh no! they were put there for you." It is only his high sense of honour that keeps him from saying—"I put them there for you"—but he would not object if they formed that impression, I sometimes think.

But a strange thing happened the other day. A dog from the next street came into the garden, and, seeing the birds' crumbs lying forthwith gobbled them up.

Spider saw him from the window, and next morning, when the crumbs were put out, he himself went out, and, having looked at them, and





considered that they were good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired, ate them up as he had

seen the other dog do ! So true is it that *Evil communications corrupt good manners.*



1	W	JESUS MET THEM, SAYING, ALL HAIL.— <i>Matt. 28, 9.</i>
2	TH	He saith to Simon again the second time, Lovest thou Me?
3	F	He saith unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me?
4	S	Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.— <i>John 21.</i> One hundred years ago to-day, the Rev. E. Nelson wrote to his son, then a young Captain, aged 37, at Leghorn, words which Lord Nelson's later history makes unspeakably touching: "May you, my dear son, add year to year through a long life, with the indescribable delight that your own heart condemns you not."
5	S	Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord.— <i>Psalms 127, 3.</i>
6	M	My lambs.— <i>John 21, 15.</i>
7	TU	Thy children, like olive plants, round about thy table.— <i>Psalms 128, 3.</i>
8	W	Praise the Lord, old men and children.— <i>Psalms 148, 12.</i>
9	TH	Out of the mouths of babes hast thou ordained strength, because of Thine enemies.— <i>Psalms 8, 2.</i> Two hundred years ago the Duke of Gloucester, then six years of age, came to meet his uncle, William III., with a little musket over his shoulder, presented arms, and said, "I am learning my drill to help you to beat your enemies the French."
10	F	As arrows, so are the children of youth.— <i>Psalms 127, 4.</i>
11	S	The Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I.— <i>1 Sam. 3, 4.</i>
12	S	I said in my prosperity, I shall never be moved.— <i>Psalms 30, 6.</i>
13	M	Although all shall be offended, yet will not I.— <i>Mark 14, 29.</i>
14	TU	If I must die with Thee, I will not deny Thee.— <i>R. V.</i>
15	W	Simon, sleepest thou?— <i>v. 37.</i>
16	TH	Watch.— <i>v. 38.</i> "Most of our casualties during the siege at Lucknow occurred in the jubilant carelessness that ensued when the attack was felt to have been defeated."— <i>Gen. M'Leod Innes, V.C.</i>
17	F	But he began to swear, I know not this man.— <i>v. 71.</i>
18	S	Be vigilant.— <i>1 Peter 5, 8.</i>
19	S	Surely I come quickly.— <i>Rev. 22, 20.</i>
20	M	Gabriel being caused to fly swiftly (margin <i>R. V.</i> , "being sore wearied").— <i>Dan. 9, 21.</i>
21	TU	The angel said unto the women, Go quickly.— <i>Matt. 28, 7.</i>
22	W	Rebecca hasted, and emptied her pitcher, and ran again unto the well.— <i>Gen. 24, 20.</i> "My maid is good, very good; her only fault is that she has three hands, a right hand, a left hand, and a little-behind-hand."— <i>The late Marchioness of Waterford, 1888.</i>
23	TH	Eliezer said, I will not eat until I have told mine errand.— <i>v. 33.</i>
24	F	If that servant shall say, My lord delayeth his coming;
25	S	The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him.— <i>Matt. 24, 50.</i>
26	S	Zacchæus, to-day I must abide at thy house.— <i>Luke 19, 5.</i>
27	M	The unclean spirit saith, . . . my house.— <i>Matt. 12, 44.</i>
28	TU	This shall be God's house.— <i>Gen. 28, 22.</i>
29	W	The Master is come.— <i>John 11, 28.</i> In the days when inns were few, a King and Queen of France on a journey came to the house of a Madame de Langy. Having heard of their coming, she had prepared a beautiful little supper, and waited upon them herself. Before going, the Queen said to her, "I have been so comfortable that I wish to thank the mistress of the house. Where is she?" "I was the mistress," she replied, "till your Majesty came."
30	TH	It was noised that He was in the house.— <i>Mark 3, 1.</i>
31	F	I go to prepare a place for you.— <i>John 14, 2.</i>

February, 1896.

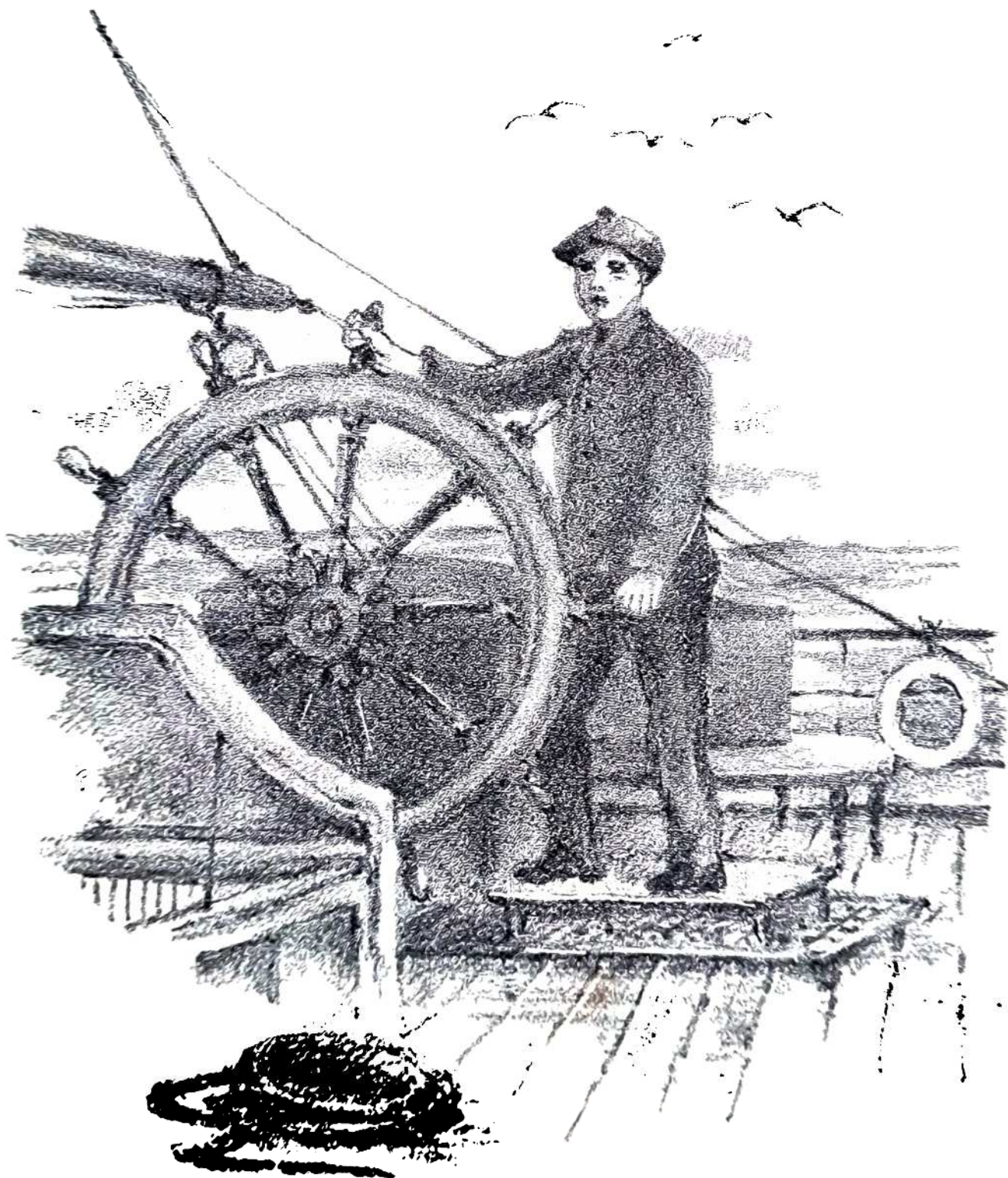
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VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 2.



**My First Trick at the Wheel.**



### The 29th of February.

MANY years ago some of us asked a student, who was looking very doleful, what ailed him. "It occurred to me this morning," he said, "that this is Leap Year, and that as February has twenty-nine days, the holidays will be one day longer in coming." I wonder how he would have looked had he been living when Julius Cæsar and Sosigenes, an astronomer of Alexandria, in order to reform the Calendar, made B.C. 46, the great "year of confusion," consist of 445 days!

Of course, the student was speaking in jest; yet, perhaps, only half in jest. For a day is a long time to the young, and there are days, both at school and college, that hold much sorrow.

I've waked and slept through many  
nights and days  
Since then—but still *that day* will  
catch my breath  
Like a nightmare: There are fatal  
days, indeed,  
In which the fibrous years have taken  
root  
So deeply, that they quiver to their  
tops  
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a  
day.

These are the days of the coming of the Son of Man, days that come, sooner or later, to every boy and girl, and when they are over, it is a new world to us, and we are either much nearer God or much farther from Him than we were before. Ask God, even now, not to forsake you on that day, though you may forsake Him; not to go away from

you for a moment even though you should bid Him go away.

I wonder if you know why this is Leap Year, and why there will not be another till 1904.

As the earth is a round body, only one half of it can be lighted by the sun at once. To that half it is *Day*, to the other half, which is in darkness, it is *Night*. But as the earth is not only round, but goes round itself, or rotates like a top from west to east, the part that is now in darkness comes in a few hours into the light; and so each part of the world gets its turn of Night and Day.

But the Earth also goes round the Sun, making a long journey of 580 millions of miles, and owing to these two movements—round itself and round the Sun—and the direction of them, we have the Four Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The time it takes to go round the Sun is always the same, and that is what we call a Year. If that time were 365 days exactly, there would be no need to make one year longer than another. But the time is 365 days and a quarter, and the quarters are added up and a day extra put on to every fourth year, and oddly enough, that year is called Leap Year. But when we say  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days, we are not speaking accurately, for the length of a year is only 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46 seconds. A Leap Year, therefore, should contain only 23 hours, 15 minutes, 4 seconds more than another year, but as that would be a very awkward thing to do, 24 hours exactly are added, and

a Leap Year is dropped now and again, that is to say, at long intervals what would otherwise have been a Leap Year is only a common year. 1600 was a Leap Year, but 1700 and 1800 were common years, and so will 1900 be, but 2000 will be a Leap Year, and so will every century be whose number divides exactly by four, 2400, 2800, 3200, &c. But as not even that arrangement would keep things perfectly exact, astronomers have proposed that the years 4000, 8000, 16000, &c., be also common years. But, oh, boys and girls! it is not likely

there will ever be such years in this world, and whether or not, you and I shall not see them. Thousands of years before then we shall all be, I hope, in that city that has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God lightens it and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

Many of us, indeed, will not see even 1904. But whether this be our last 29th of February or not, I hope it will be a day much to be remembered by us all, a day of glad tidings of great mercy and of great joy.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*(Continued from page 3.)*

At the  
age of  
86

CATO THE CENSOR, one of the most famous of the ancient Romans, died B.C. 149. He was a lover of the old stern, simple ways. When he was a boy, it is said he used to visit the cottage and look with reverence on the hearth at which an old hero, named Curius, had been found roasting his radishes for dinner when the Samnites, who were enemies of Rome, came to tempt him with costly presents of gold. Cato became a soldier when he was seventeen, and "endured hardness" all his days. When he was a general, he asked for only three bushels of wheat per month for himself and his servant. When he was governor of Sardinia, he visited its chief cities on foot. He used to say, when he was old, that there were three things he regretted ever having done: Trusting a woman with a secret; going anywhere by water when he could have gone by land; and passing a single day without making his will. I do not know that men are any better than women at keeping secrets; but one thing is certain, that to tell what we got as a secret, unless the keeping of it would be a sin, is a breach of faith both towards God and man, and no boy or girl of any honour will ever do it.

Cato was very cruel to his slaves. When their work was done, he ordered them to lie down and sleep, and so keep out of mischief. When they were old and useless, he sold them for whatever money they would bring. But he was a fearless hater of luxury. "Nothing can be cheap that one has no need for," he said. Speaking of the riotous living of a certain city, he declared that no city could be safe where a rare kind of fish cost more than a whole ox. When he was



eighty-four he said—"I am not as strong as I was when I commanded the army in Spain, but I am always open to access to anyone that wishes for my advice or assistance in his affairs." In those days the greatest rivals of the Romans were the Carthaginians, a wicked but enterprising race of Canaanites who had settled in the north of Africa, in a territory only three days' sail from Rome, and so much did Cato fear and hate them that, when he spoke in the Senate, whatever the subject was, he always closed by saying: "And, moreover, I am of opinion that Carthage must be destroyed."

## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

### No. 2. *My First Trick at the Wheel.*

*Behold, the ships also, though they are so great, and are driven by rough winds, are yet turned about by a very small rudder whither the impulse of the steersman willeth.—James 3, 4. R.V.*

MY watch was the starboard, or second mate's watch. There were three Bobs in it, Big Bob, Little Bob, and the boy Bob. That was me. Big Bob was an old Aberdonian, named Mouatt, one of the right sort, and as fine a specimen of a British sailor as ever put foot upon a ratline. The ratlines are the rope ladders that you climb the masts by. His kindly manly feeling towards us boys greatly endeared him to us.

When I went below that first night I found my lodgings not as comfortable as I would like, but taking father's advice, "never to grumble," I made myself as snug as I could. It wasn't long till I was asleep. Did I say my prayers? You may be sure I remembered what my mother said. There were no telegraphs then, but as we sailors say, I had a wire upwards of my own. Have I known many sailors

who said their prayers? A very great many; and in my experience the scoffer is the poorest lot going in the hour of danger.

I was sleeping on the oakum, close to the very bow of the ship—a little cruisey lamp swinging—when at 12 o'clock at night the watch was called. One of the sailors on deck gave three knocks with a handspike on the forescuttle or forehatch just like a mason's chaps—a handspike is the wooden bar they turn the windlass with—and cried out, "Starboard Watch, ahoy!" That's the way the watch was called, and sometimes too they would say:

"Rise and boot, my jolly birds,  
Show a leg or a purser's stocking."

A purser's stocking was the cheap kind of thing that was sold to sailors. The great noise made me jump up. I was the first on deck, but I found I had done what was wrong. For a boy to go on deck before the A.B.'s, or able-bodied seamen, was an unpardonable offence. It was Mouatt who told me that, and he also told me to remember that we boys mustn't attempt to put our hands into the beef-kid—that's the wooden dish the meat was put into—till the A.B.'s and then the ordinary seamen had first helped themselves.

There would be twelve of us on each watch, and we boys were to wait and let the men go before us, and of course, sometimes, when we waited, there would be the mate with a rope's end, because we were late!

I became a great favourite with Mouatt, and he taught me the leads and the uses of all the different ropes. So one day I suggested to him that I would like fine if he would let me try my hand at the wheel some night when it was so dark that the officer of the watch would not see me. I told him I had steered smacks and sloops and coasters with coals down to Campbeltown, and that I knew all the points of the compass.

"Oh, my boy," he said, "this boat is far too heavy for you."

"I wish you would let me try my hand," I said.

"All right, provided you catch water when it rains to wash my stockings."

Now, I could steer by the tiller but not by the wheel, and I was anxious to learn, so I promised not only to catch the rain-water, but to do all his washing as well.

"All right," he said, "come to-night at 10 o'clock; it's my trick at the wheel from 10 to 12, and we'll see what you can do." Sailors call their turn at the wheel their *trick*.

So at 10 o'clock I went aft. There was a nice moderate breeze, and the ship was easy to steer. Some ships you know are not easy to steer, and then the chains that lead to the rudder may be rusty and not oiled. In a heavy sea I have known the

rudder get such a blow from the waves that the wheel flew round and the men who had a hold of it were tossed over it and badly hurt. However, I found I could manage the *Miramichi* quite well, and after I had been there for half-an-hour, Mouatt said, "I'll take it now from you, my boy. I've no doubt that you'll soon learn to steer her in any weather." Then, in a short time, I was "habit and repute," for I always went aft to Mouatt when I could get the chance.

But one night, close on 12, I was at the wheel, the officer of the watch was on the front of the poop sitting on a hen-coop keeping a look-out, and Mouatt had gone forward to have a smoke which he couldn't have so long as he was at the wheel, when the Captain came up from the saloon in his stocking-soles or slippers! He could hardly see me in the dark at first, but after he had taken a round turn up and down the deck, and then a look into the binacle, that is the box that holds the compass, he put the question, "How is her head, my boy?" "Sou' west by sou', Sir," was my reply. After he had walked about the deck for some time he went below, but I could see him down the skylight looking at the tell-tale compass in the saloon to see if I was correct on my course.

Next day I was ordered to the wheel. The crew were going to paint and tar the ship, and the Captain says, "Send that youngster to the wheel, and let him stop there."



"He can't steer, Sir, I'm afraid," said the first officer.

"We'll try him," said the Captain. So I got the trial all day at it, and from that hour I had to take my regular trick at the wheel. But I never forgot that first day. There was a wooden grating behind the wheel on which I stood, and I can feel my feet on it yet. My ambition was to be the best helmsman on board the ship, and I thought it such a grand thing to have the control of such a big thing, just like a mountain, with all sail set.

The first time I took the wheel after the painting and tarring, we had studding-sails below and aloft on both sides, going before the wind, with a strong fair breeze. I was watched by the officer of the watch very closely for the first half-hour. For, supposing I had let the wheel go by mistake, the ship would have luffed to, and some at least of her spars would have been carried away, and perhaps the ship dismasted. At the end of my two hours I was very satisfied with myself, perhaps more than the officer of the watch was, only I wished that my mother could have seen me having the charge of that big vessel. The man at the wheel feels he is *the* man on board. He has a feeling of pride that a landsman cannot conceive, and a blessing that it is so.

But I must say that, when I saw the Captain coming up the first night, I was wishing I was somewhere else, for I fully expected a rope's-ending, besides getting the officer on the watch and Mouatt into trouble as well. Yes, I thought I was into

the black books, when I saw him looking at the sails how they were trimmed, and seeing if the look-out was at the fore-castle-head. Everybody was at his duty except the little pilgarlic at the wheel!




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*Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm.—Song of Sol. 8, 6.*

SOME one has said that if one of the patriarchs were to rise from the dead nothing would astonish him so much as a railway time-table or a post-office letter-box. If he saw us put a letter into a narrow slit in a pillar on the street, and were told that that letter would be in India in less than three weeks or in Australia in less than six—and, of course, in saying this I am supposing many things that cannot be supposed—he would be like the Queen of Sheba, no more spirit would be in him. A few hundred years ago, even, if a poor man had wished to send a letter across Europe, he would have had to hand it to some traveller, and that traveller would have passed it on to another, and that one to a third; and so on it would have gone, into the hands

now of a soldier, now of a sailor, now of a merchant; wandering here and there, backwards and forwards, taking its chance, being delivered, perhaps, years after it was written. But our own grandfathers would be as much astonished as any if they saw the way we do. The envelope, with the gum that comes from the Soudan, would seem to them a wonderful invention. For when they wrote letters they had to close them with sealing-wax, and that, if an interesting process, was a slow one. A candle had to be lighted, and wax got, and the seal wetted to keep it from sticking. Then often the wax got cold and hard before the seal was applied, or else the wax was not only melted, but blazing, and there was risk of fire. So much was this the case that the late Lady Eastlake, writing in 1844, mentions in her journal that visitors to the British Museum were not allowed to seal letters there.

Seals were used for the sake of secrecy. When Dr. Livingstone, for example, entrusted his journal to Mr. Stanley on March 14, 1872, he sealed it with five seals, "the impressions being those of an American gold coin, an anna, and half-anna, and a cake of paint with the royal arms; positively not to be opened." He knew, of course, that his journal might have to pass through all kinds of hands before it reached England. A person of honour, of course, will not read any letter, or post-card even, that is not meant for him to read, any more than he would open a drawer or look

into a press in a strange house. There will be no seals, or locks on doors, or broken glass on garden walls in the millennium!

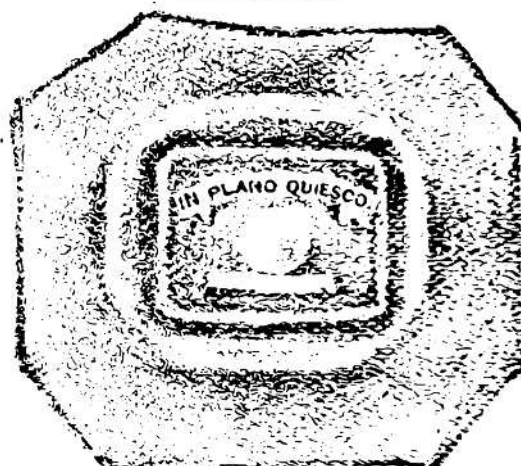
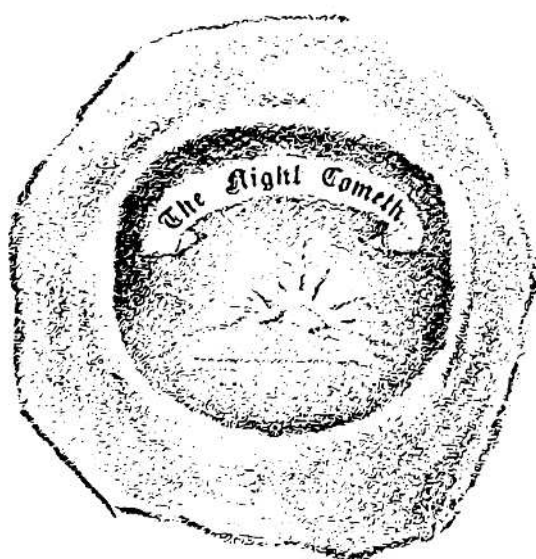
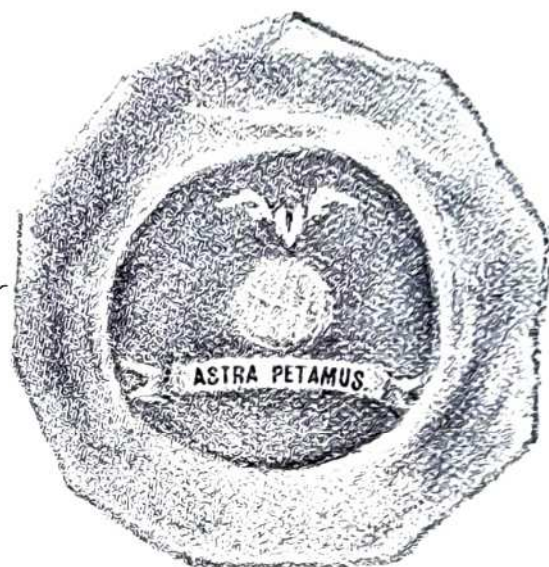
Sometimes, however, letters were sealed without being closed. The letter was meant to be read by every one. Thus we talk of taking out a "patent," that is originally "letters patent," letters open to inspection.

That is the other use of the seal; it is a sign of authenticity. Even kings long ago could not write. Men stamped documents instead of signing them, and they carried their seals always with them, sometimes on a string or chain round their necks, and sometimes fixed in rings. Our grandfathers carried their seals on their watch chains, and were often very proud of them! Important and solemn documents still need to be sealed as well as signed—"two immutable things."

The Post Office people long ago used to warn the public against putting wax on letters that had to pass through hot countries. In ancient times, for the same reason, men used clay for sealing things, as heat only makes it harder. When a tomb or a lions' den was sealed, the impression was put on a lump of clay, and the clay fastened to the door with pieces of string. There are seals of that kind in the British Museum, thousands of years old, and the marks of the strings and of the fingers that tied them are quite plain.

If seals were to be proofs of authenticity, it was necessary that every man should have his own. Every British Sovereign has his





peculiar seal, and when he dies the seal is solemnly broken. The choice of an emblem or motto was often left to the taste or fancy of the engraver, but, as a rule, a wise man chose them for himself, and so the seal often gave one an insight into character. Look at James Watt, the great inventor's, for example; the Eye with the word *OBSERVARE*, which reminds us of what Samuel Rutherford said to Lady Kenmure—"Most of us see many things, but we observe nothing."

George Whitefield, who preached more than 18,000 sermons, and was only fifty-six when he died, chose for his emblem a Heart with wings soaring above the globe, with the

motto *ASTRA PETAMUS*, *Let us make for the stars*, which is the same thing as, Seek those things that are above. Saintly Robert M'Cheyne, who has been called the George Whitefield of Scotland, who died at the age of thirty, sealed his letters with a Sun going down behind the mountains, with the words over it—*THE NIGHT COMETH*.

Let me tell you about one more. There died in Venice in 1623 Paolo Sarpi, a man whom some have regarded as the greatest of all the Venetians. He was a monk, a scholar, a mathematician, an astronomer, the friend of Bacon and Galileo. He was persecuted by the Church of Rome while he lived,

and after he was dead, ten times in the course of two centuries were his remains disturbed. For he was one of those whom Rome has ever hated, who loved to preach on the text, "Being justified freely by His grace." A monument was decreed to him at his death by the Senate of Venice. That monument was erected only three years ago, 269 years after the decree was passed, and on its base there is the fac-simile of his private seal—a Globe resting on a horizontal plane, with the words *IN PLANO QUIESCO*, which just mean this, My foot standeth in an even place.

Now, if you would like to know what God has on His seal, you will find it in 2 Timothy 1, 19; and I hope the Holy Spirit will seal you all unto the day of redemption.

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### The Noble Army of Martyrs.

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#### II.—HOW THE DAY OF VICTORY DAWNED FOR PERPETUA—A.D. 203.

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HER home was in Carthage, the famous city in North Africa about which Virgil sings. It was a bright and happy home. She was the delight of her father's heart. And her brothers—Saturus and Dinocrates—loved her and looked up to her in everything. I think they would have agreed with Christina Rossetti, if they had known her beautiful words :

"There is no friend like a sister in  
calm or stormy weather,

To cheer one on the tedious way,  
To fetch one if one goes astray,  
To lift one if one totters down,  
To strengthen whilst one stands."

Only, Dinocrates had died while he was quite a little boy. But Perpetua did not forget him. She used to see him in her dreams, and to talk with him, and to help him just as she had done when he was the Benjamin in the family. And as for Saturus, she taught him to trust and serve Christ, the Master of his own days and nights. That morning she died in the amphitheatre, he died bravely at her side.

She was twenty-two years old, and lately married. God had given her her first-born baby, and her heart was overflowing with gratitude.

Then the storm broke. The soldiers of the Emperor searched Carthage up and down for the friends of Christ. Perpetua was seized, and Saturus, and a slave-girl called Felicitas, and some others; the dew of youth lay sparkling on everyone of them; there was not a grey head in all the band.

The darkness of the prison frightened young Vivia Perpetua at first. She tells us so herself, for she kept a sort of journal of the time she spent in the dungeon. But the trouble soon passed away. One thing that helped her was the dreams God sent her—dreams which made her sleep as sweet to her as the Prophet Jeremiah's was to him.

I wonder whether, if you and I lived as near God during the day as Perpetua did, He would not speak



to us, too, during the night. I believe He would. Dr. Andrew Bonar tells us what pleasant fancies God gave him on his bed. Once in his sleep he tried to indite a new Greek word, something like *Kύριος* and *Καίρως*, to express the Lord's seasonable mercies. And once he thought it was the Judgment Day, but across the sky he saw written the Latin superlative *Potentissimus*, that is, Most Mighty, and he knew that, in that moment of sifting, Christ was mighty to save him to the uttermost.

Perpetua was cheered in the same way. This was one of her visions: She saw a golden stair reaching to heaven; and it was so narrow that only one could go up at a time; and on its sides were fixed daggers and spears and hooks, so that anyone who climbed carelessly would be sure to be wounded. And at the foot of the stair there was a dragon lying to terrify those who wished to ascend. But Satorus went up safely; and then was Perpetua's turn. Repeating the name of Jesus, she trod on the dragon's head, and mounted up and up, and none made her afraid. And at the top she found a garden, and in the garden a Man like a Shepherd, and round Him thousands dressed in white. She knew that it was Christ; and He looked at her, and said, "My child, thou art welcome." He gave her some milk and bread; and just then she awoke. But in her mouth there was still the sweetness of the heavenly food, and in her heart there was the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

She had her trials though—Christ's young confessor. Perhaps the worst of them came from her father. He was not a Christian, and he would have done anything to save her. He pled with her to deny Jesus, and so to gain her liberty. But, though she loved him well, she answered "No." She had set her face like a flint.

At last the morning of her "day of victory" broke. When the soldier called for Satorus, he replied "Adsum," that is, "I am here," just as if the roll were being gone through at school, and went out to be torn and slain by a leopard. Perpetua and Felicitas were summoned next. They had to meet a fierce wild bull. Each of them was wounded, but neither was killed outright. Perpetua's hair had fallen loose in the struggle, and she tied it neatly and tightly with a clasp; she did not want to enter Christ's presence with tumbled and disordered hair. Then she saw how crushed and bleeding Felicitas was, and she crept to her, and held her hand, and comforted her. By-and-by a gladiator came, and his sword finished what the wild beast had begun. But he was a poor, inexperienced gladiator; it was the first time he had made sport in the arena; and Perpetua herself guided his unsteady sword to its work. So calm she was, so quiet, so glad, in that hour of death, which was the hour of coronation too.

Will not the girls ask God to make them strong athletes of Christ, like Vivia Perpetua, who fought her good fight in His name and for His sake?



*It is time for the Lord to work.  
Psalm 119, 126 (R.V.)*

IN 1631 the colonists in Salem, in Massachusetts, known as the Pilgrim Fathers, were in such

straits for food that they had literally but one handful of meal left; and their Governor, John Winthrop, was in the very act of giving it to a poor man when a ship laden with stores arrived at the harbour's mouth.



The Cole Tit.



1	S	As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings ; so the Lord alone did lead him.— <i>Deut. 32, 11.</i> When the German exploring ship <i>Hansa</i> was crushed and sunk in the ice off Greenland, 19th October, 1869, and her crew were left on a floating field of ice, one of them, Dr. Laube, a young Austrian professor of zoology, said, "We are now the Lord's passengers."
2	S	And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man clothed in a long white garment.— <i>Mark 16, 5.</i> A little girl once said to a certain Lady Gifford—"Are you old or young? I never can make out." "My dear," was the answer, "I have been a very long time young."
3	M	When I am grey-headed, O God, forsake me not until I have declared Thy strength unto the next generation.— <i>Psalms 71, 18.</i>
4	TU	Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.— <i>Isaiah 46, 4.</i>
5	W	The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree.
6	TH	They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.
7	F	The latter end of the upright man is peace.— <i>Psalms 37, 37.</i>
8	S	Neither can they die any more : for they are equal unto the angels.— <i>Luke 20, 36.</i>
9	S	God giveth to all men liberally,
10	M	And upbraideth not.— <i>James 1, 5.</i>
11	TU	Freely ye have received, freely give.— <i>Matt. 10, 8.</i>
12	W	What hast thou that thou didst not receive?— <i>1 Cor. 4, 7.</i>
13	TH	All this store that we have prepared cometh of Thine hand,
14	F	And is all Thine Own.— <i>1 Chron. 29, 16.</i> One of the texts round the dome of the Glasgow Exhibition, 1888.
15	S	He shall bring forth the headstone with shoutings of Grace, grace.— <i>Zech. 4, 7.</i> On the wall of Charterhouse, a great London school founded by one Thomas Sutton in 1611, is the motto— <i>Deo dante dedi</i> , God giving, I gave.
16	S	The just shall live by faith.— <i>Rom. 1, 17.</i> Luther's great text.
17	M	God is our refuge.— <i>Psa. 46.</i> Luther's favourite Psalm.
18	TU	Luther died 350 years ago to-day. Just before he died he thrice said : Into Thine hand I commit my spirit ; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.— <i>Psa. 31, 5.</i>
19	W	The judgment of God.— <i>Rom. 2.</i> Luther as a boy hated these words.
20	TH	Thou hast put all things under His feet.— <i>Psa. 8.</i> Luther rose one night in great distress, but that text made him lie down again.
21	F	But thou art rich.— <i>Rev. 2, 9.</i> "I certify that we have no money, no treasure of coin of any description." Extract from Luther's will.
22	S	The memory of the just is blessed.— <i>Prov. 10, 7.</i> When Charles V. took Wittenberg, an officer proposed to open Luther's grave and fling his ashes to the winds. "No," said the Emperor, "I war not with the dead ; let this place be respected."
23	S	A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.— <i>Psalms 84, 10.</i>
24	M	He shortened my days.— <i>Psalms 102, 23.</i>
25	TU	I will add to thy days.— <i>2 Kings 20, 6.</i>
26	W	Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.— <i>Prov. 27, 1.</i>
27	TH	Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow.— <i>Num. 11, 18.</i>
28	F	On the morrow John seeth Jesus coming unto him.— <i>John 1, 29 (R. V.)</i>
29	S	Again on the morrow John looked upon Jesus.— <i>v. 35.</i>

March, 1896.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 3.



**The Starling.**



ELEVEN years ago a London publisher began to issue a Dictionary which will consist of sixty volumes when it is finished. Forty-five of them are now ready. It is a book containing short accounts of all the more or less famous men and women who have ever lived in our country. If I were to ask you how many names will be in it, I wonder what you would say.

The editor of this great Dictionary of National Biography—and of course he has hundreds of scholars helping him—is a Mr. Sidney Lee. In a lecture given by him three weeks ago, he answered the question I have just put to you. He says, 30,000. Up to the present moment, according to him, only one adult person in 4,000 in our country “has earned a title to distinctive commemoration.” He puts the number of persons now living in London who are earning the right to be remembered after they are dead as only 600!

I am not going to find fault with Mr. Lee’s great book. It is a gigantic undertaking, and in many ways it is magnificently done. But, both in its plan and in the way in which that plan is carried out, one cannot help seeing that man’s way of looking at men’s lives is not God’s way. There are in the Bible about a thousand persons mentioned by name. Of hundreds of these nothing but the name is recorded. Kings and Queens are passed by with a word. We cannot even remember their names when we are told them; but we all know the

little maid Rhoda, who sat up all night at a prayer meeting, and left poor Peter standing at the door, for gladness!

Then, again, there are famous people in the Bible who never could be mentioned in a dictionary because God has purposely kept back their names, so that when we think of them we are forced to think of what they did; as, for example, that other servant maid who sent Naaman and his company to Elisha and by her faith made God do what He had never done before. So, too, there is the penitent thief, and the widow who cast in all she had into the treasury, and many, many more. I remember seeing a monument in Delhi with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE BRAVE BUT UNKNOWN  
DEAD

WHO ARE BURIED HERE.

Nothing could be more touching than that. Their names were not even on their tombstone. Some heroes find no place in any Book of Remembrance save that which God Himself writes. And so Thomas Fuller says in his *Worthies of England*, speaking of the martyrs of Berkshire who were burnt: “Their names are not known, but no doubt they are written in the Book of Life.”

“600 presently in London,” says Mr. Lee. Why, even in the most unheroic days of Israel there were 7,000 dear to God, graven on the palms of His hands, because they had not bowed the knee to Baal! “30,000 in these islands during the last nine centuries entitled to com-

memoration," says Mr. Lee. In Scotland alone, during one quarter of a century, there were 17,000 who suffered, in one way or another, for Christ's Crown and Covenant.

But, indeed, even literally the world itself would not contain the books that are already lying written about all His creatures at God's right hand. All the histories and books of biography that have been written on earth, and the Bible itself, are but a few specimen pages of all that is to be revealed at last.

"And I saw the dead, the great and the small, standing before the throne; and books were opened:

and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books, according to their works." "And I heard the number of them which were sealed: and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel. After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*(Continued from page 16.)*

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age of  
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POLYCARP suffered martyrdom at the close of the games that accompanied a festival at Smyrna, on the 23rd February, A.D. 155. He was a disciple of the Apostle John's, and knew intimately many who had seen our Lord in the flesh.

The Roman proconsul who presided at the games did what he could to persuade the Christians who were brought before him to renounce Christ. One of them, Quintus, a Phrygian, who had offered himself for martyrdom of his own accord, lost courage when he saw the wild beasts, and denied his Lord. But another lad, Germanicus, stood out so bravely that the multitude cried out, "Get his teacher Polycarp." Polycarp was living in concealment in a country house, where he spent his time in continual prayer. Three days before he was captured, he saw in a dream his pillow in flames, and said to his friends, "I must be burnt alive." His hiding place was revealed by a boy under torture. It was a Friday night when the noise of horses and soldiers told Polycarp that his enemies had found him out. There was still a chance of escape, it seemed, but he simply said, "God's will be done." Then he set meat and drink before his captors, only asking them to give him some time for prayer. This was given him, and for more than two hours he prayed for the Church of God throughout the world, and for his own friends, mentioning every one of them by name. He was then set on an ass and led to the city. On the way the Magistrate who had given orders for his arrest met him, and, taking him up into his carriage, begged him to



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save his life, asking him what harm it was to say "Lord Cæsar," and to offer sacrifice to him. "I will not do as you would have me," was his answer; whereupon, in his anger, the Magistrate thrust Polycarp out of the carriage so rudely that his shin was scraped. His friends saw the marks afterwards when he was stripped for the stake.

When they reached the racecourse there was a great uproar, but amid the noise a voice was heard, "Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man." The Christians thought it came from heaven. Once more the Magistrate asked him to "swear by the fortune of Cæsar" and revile Christ. Then came the famous answer, "Eighty-and-six years have I served Him, and He has never done me wrong; how then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" "Polycarp has confessed himself a Christian," the public crier three times proclaimed. At this the uproar broke out afresh. The president of the games was called on to let a lion loose on the old man. "No," he said, "I can't; the wild beast games are over for the day." "Then burn him," they cried, and rushing here and there they gathered wood—the Jews, as usual, being foremost in the search for it. When the pile was ready the old man began to undress, but it was noticed that he had difficulty in taking off his shoes. For many years his disciples had insisted in doing that for him, such was their love to him. He was then bound to the stake, and after he had prayed the wood was set on fire; but the flame was forced out by the wind, like the sail of a ship, all round him, and his body was only scorched. Seeing this, his murderers ordered the executioner to dispatch him with his sword. The blood that came from the wound nearly quenched the fire. The Christians were now eager to remove his body, but the Centurion, chiefly at the instigation of the Jews, set it in the midst of the fire till only the charred bones remained.

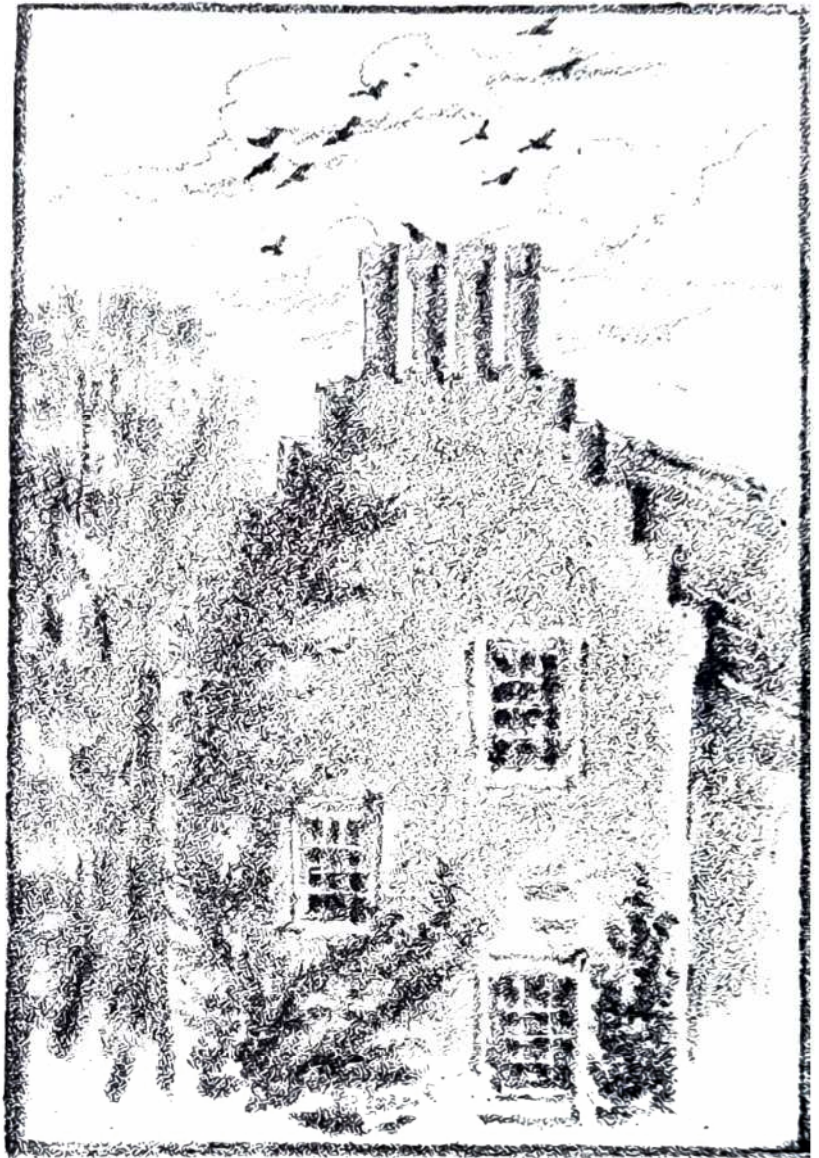
86 THEODORE BEZA died, 13th October, 1605. He was clever, rich, and well born, and forgot God when he was young. But in his twenty-ninth year trouble came on him, and the words of a godly German Protestant, named Wolmar, came back into his memory, and he repented. Calvin died in 1564, and Beza, who had been his fellow-labourer for some years, succeeded him as head of the Reformed Church. His greatest work was his translation of the New Testament into Latin, a work whose influence can be traced by scholars in our English Authorised Version. One of the manuscripts used by him is now in the library of Cambridge University.

87. DIDYMUS THE BLIND died in Alexandria, A.D. 395. He lost his eyesight from disease when he was four years of age, but he became "an object of universal wonder" for his learning and holiness, "for he prayed for light, and added studies to his prayers." It is said that a good man once called on him and asked him if he was not sad on account of his blindness. Didymus was silent for a little, and then said, "Yes, I feel it keenly." And then the other answered, "Be not distressed for the loss of a faculty, which gnats and flies enjoy, seeing you have that inward sight which is the privilege of none but saints."

HERE was a man whom I knew once who had many trials, for which he often charged God foolishly, and multitudes of mercies past numbering, for which he never thanked Him. This man was a lover of all kinds of beasts and birds. If he was even hurrying to a train, he would lay down his bag to stroke a cat's back or scratch a dog's head.

In winter time he used to feed the birds. There were crumbs on his window cills all day, and bones suspended from the trees in his garden for the blue-caps, and grain and porridge under the hedges. If he opened his window and whistled, the birds came flying from all quarters.

Now there was a jealous ill-natured Starling that saw all this, and yet thought the man cruel and hard-hearted. For he had pulled the Starling's nest out of a chimney where it would have been set on fire. He set boxes in the garden in which other Starlings built their nests, and he let them fill up the water runs under his eaves though it spoiled the ceiling of one of his rooms. But the Starling still thought him a bad, designing man, and often said, and really believed too, that the food that was put out in winter time was not meant for birds at all. The Starling was always boasting,



moreover, how often it had "done him, to use its own expression. "managed to steal eight meals in the morning, and eight at mid-day, and eight in the afternoon, and he never caught me," was its usual remark about him. Of course it had far more meals than that, but eight was the highest it could count, being the number of its toes, and it always spoke of "eight times" just as we say "a hundred times."

"But why do you think he wished to catch you?" the other birds would say.



"Oh!" would be the answer, "I know it; it is not love to birds that makes him put out food."

Well, one bright February day when the Starling was sitting on a tree thinking about its mate, the man was watching it through a glass, admiring the rich metallic green and purple colours on its breast. "That's most lovely," he said. Then he began to adjust his glass to have a better look at it, when the Starling noticed him, and flew off, and then told its companions that it had narrowly escaped with its life, for it had caught that bad man getting his gun ready to shoot it!

"I think you judge him wrongly," said another bird. "The man that is always doing eight kindnesses, or things that look so like kindnesses that we cannot see the difference, can't be a hater of birds. He knows that we like crumbs, and he puts them out for us, and when we have eaten them he puts out more, and he has done that for years. He is a good man, I say, and he loves us."

"No bird will ever make me believe that," said the Starling.

But some days afterwards it was caught by its feet in a little bit of old netting in a bush, and when it was struggling for life and only entangling itself the more, the man came and cut the cords, and took it into his house, and fed it and gave it drink, and smoothed its feathers, and then set it free.

"Do you know," said the Starling that afternoon to its companions, "that I have come to the conclusion that that is a good man!"

"When did you find that out?" they all cried. And then it told them at great length, for Starlings do love to talk, all that the man had done, and then it added, "And do you know, now that I have come close to him and seen his face and heard him speak, when I think of everything he has done for years, I know that he must be good, and I wonder how I ever could have thought anything else of him!"

And that same evening, strange to say, the man himself was thinking about the bird and the great state of fear it had been in, and just as he was saying, "I thought every bird about the place might have known my character by this time and learnt to trust me," the thought came into his mind, "You are angry at a silly bird, that has known you only three winters, because it did not trust *you*, and yet you yourself will not trust *Me*, though you know what I have done for you and for the world, not only during thousands of years of time, but from all eternity."



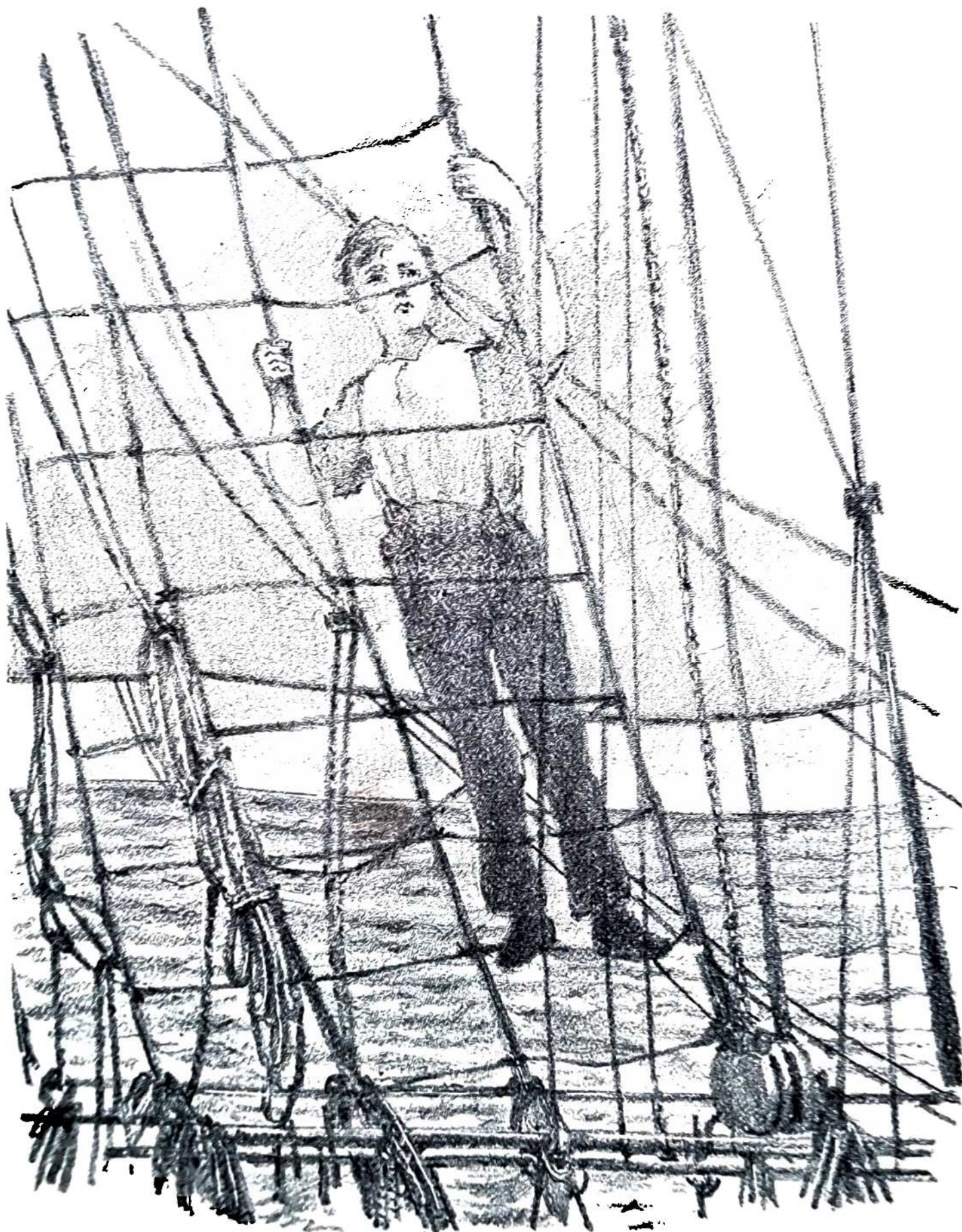
## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

### No. 3. Going Aloft.

*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33, 27.*

I told you I had to go up the rigging and loose the topgallant sail before I left Gourock Bay on my first voyage. There were no tugs then to take one out to sea. That was the way they did in the old days. A boy was ordered up aloft at once, though he often didn't







know what to do when he got up. But generally a man was sent up at the same time, and the boy watched and did what he saw him doing. Now-a-days, I think, masters are perhaps more considerate in some ways, and the Board of Trade makes such strict enquiry into every accident that officers have to be very careful, and they generally wait for fine weather before they send a boy up. But, of course, when he was sent up, the officer kept his eye on him, and he could easily tell, when the boy had gone up some way, whether he had nerve or not. Some boys are able from the very first to go to the mast-head, and in a fortnight are almost as good as a man for loosing a sail or overhauling gear. Others, again, are afraid to leave the deck for the first two months, and some are worth almost nothing during the whole of their first passage. I have seen lads get up as far as the cross-trees, and lose their heads and stick there, hanging on, and shaking. I have heard them even calling out, "Murder!" Then instantly two men would be sent up, for sometimes a rope would have to be fastened round the poor lad to lower him to the deck.

There were two rules which a boy was often told—"Always look above you, and not below you," and, "One hand for yourself and one for the owner," that is, one hand to do your work and one to hold on by. And the youngsters made a third rule for themselves, especially if, like me, they had only one cap; they used to shove their bonnets under the backstays before they went aloft.

Many a cap have I seen blown off.

In going up the rigging there is always a great strive who will be first. Suppose, for example, the order is given, "All hands reef top-sails!" (*Reefing* means reducing or lessening the extent of a sail by rolling up, or folding, a part of it and making it fast to the yard. *Furling* means wrapping or folding up the whole of it.) "All hands" includes the watch below, maybe sleeping in their bunks, as well as the watch on deck. There is a great rivalry as to which watch will do their part first. Then again there is a contest as to which man will get to the weather earring, that is, the end of the yard towards the wind. The man who is at the wheel always stands on the weather or higher side, as that gives him a clearer view and lets him see that the sails catch as much of the wind as possible. The weather side of the poop, too, or quarter-deck, always belongs to the captain. No sailor dare go there if there is an officer on deck, and a good sailor will not do it even although there is no officer there. I have seen a man, who was going along to take his trick at the wheel, walk on the weather side and be turned back and made to go on the lee side. For there is no discipline where there is no reverence or respect for one's superiors. That's what the Bible says, "Honour to whom honour is due." But in reefing a sail, the weather earring is the place of honour because it is a dangerous place, and because it is the part that must be first attended to. The

smarter the weather earring is hauled out the sooner the whole sail is reefed. That is why the men try who will get to it. But in furling a sail, the best men keep to the middle, or what is called the bunt, for it is there that the sail is heaviest. No men are kinder-hearted than sailors, and if they see a man attempting what is beyond his strength they will pull him back. I have known old sailors dye their grey hair black in order to get work, and when, after they got to sea, the grey hairs showed themselves, I have known the younger men grip them by the legs if they attempted heavy work in a wild night, and haul them back, saying, "You are not to go there!" Ay, and I have seen the old men angry, and picking a quarrel over it when they got back to deck, saying, "*You* would make me out an old useless man; I'm as good a man as you any day, and I'll let you see that!" No, it is not pleasant for any of us to find that others see we are past our best. And the young folks sometimes overestimate their strength and knowledge as well as the old. "Know nothing, Fear nothing," the old saying goes, and I have known boys standing carelessly on the foot-rope of the yard—the ship gives a roll, they are not prepared, and away they go! Do the older seamen ever make a mistake in going up the rigging? Yes, especially in the dark, when they go rushing up. Of course they can't see anything sometimes, and the ship gives a lurch and they grasp at the ratlines, and instead of catching

them they catch nothing, and then —"Man overboard!"

The ratlines, or rope steps, are exactly one foot the one above the other, or about twice the height of an ordinary step in a stair. They measure them to the sixteenth of an inch. There is no part of a sailor's work that he takes so much pride in. Did you not know that it was the sailors who made the steps after the riggers set up the shrouds? The rope has to be hitched round every one of the shrouds. The shrouds are the thick ropes that, so to speak, are the sides of the ladder. It used to be counted good work if a sailor put on seven ratlines in a watch—that is, in four hours. These rope steps, like the shrouds, cannot be too tight, but of course they get slack as well as worn with being trodden on, and they need to be tightened and squared, not only at the beginning of every voyage, but in the course of it as well. I have been in a new ship, and in the whole of a West India voyage we had to be setting up the rigging every week, and these were ropes, too, that had all been stretched by machinery before they were brought on board.

You would like to hear another of our songs? Well, after the men have reefed the sails, and have come down, and are passing the halliards along, the Captain will say, "Strike up a song!"

Haul away, cheerily men!

Both night and day, cheerily men!

There she goes, cheerily men!

There it blows, cheerily men!

But I could tell you a better one



than that to use in one's own mind when going aloft, if one would only think of it then :

Who but the Lord is God? but He  
Who is a rock and stay?  
'Tis God That girdeth me with strength,  
And perfect makes my way.

He made my feet swift as the hind's,  
Set me on my high places,  
Mine hands to war he taught, mine arms  
Break bows of steel in pieces.

And in my way my steps Thou hast  
Enlarged under me,  
That I go safely, and my feet  
Are kept from sliding free.



LET us be lions in God's cause,  
and lambs in our own.

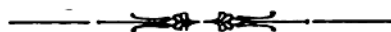
—James Renwick.



GENERAL MAURY, in his *Recollections of a Virginian*, tells of a girl of fourteen, Emma Sanson, who was voted a gift of 640 acres of good land by the Legislature of Alabama for bravely guiding an officer to a river ford in the face of the enemy during the Civil War. The officer, General Nathan Forrest, was over six feet in height, and when the enemy fired she ran in front of him, spread out her frock, and said, "Get in behind me!"

Forrest lost his father when he was sixteen, and had the upbringing of his eleven younger brothers and sisters. He was a brilliant cavalry leader. He was wounded three times, and had twenty-eight horses killed under him in action. After the war he lost all his money in some railway concern. When he was dying, his lawyer, an upright

man, believing that the money could easily be got back from the men who had wronged him, asked him to sign certain papers to allow him to go on with the case. "No!" said Forrest, "I am a dying man. For more than a year I have been a converted man. I have joined the Presbyterian Church, the Church of my dear old mother. I hope I am a better man. I have led a life of strife and violence. I now want to die at peace with all men. My son is a fine young fellow; he will do well. I do not want to hinder him at the outset of his young life with a lawsuit. You are to drop all further proceedings in that case. I will not sign the papers."



*Brethren, pray for us. 1 Thess.*  
*5, 25. Yea, the darkness*  
*hideth not from Thee. Psalm*  
*139, 12.*

WHEN Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer, bade goodbye to the Royal Geographical Society in London three years ago, he spoke to them about the need of light as well as heat during the long Arctic nights. He was taking with him, he said, a dynamo for producing electricity, and he hoped to be able to make as much as would keep a lamp burning eight hours every day during each year's six months of continual darkness. He and his men were to work the machine as horses do a mill, going round and round, hour after hour. "When the sun begins to sink, to disappear behind the horizon in the south for the last time, we begin to walk in a

ring in the darkness on the deck of our ship in order to produce a new sun." And then he closed with these touching words: "I hope that

you will sometimes send us a kind thought while we go round in our mill there, far north, in the solemn silence of the long polar night."



*"The ground-flame of the Crocus breaks the mould."—Tennyson.*



1	S	He that loveth not knoweth not God ;
2	M	For God is love.— <i>1 John 4, 8.</i>
3	TU	Owe no man anything, save to love one another.— <i>Rom. 13, 8.</i>
4	W	Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.— <i>v. 9.</i> During the American Civil War a Colonel Haskell had his arm so shattered that amputation at the shoulder was necessary. When the surgeon was about to give him chloroform, he said, "Stop, Doctor! The chloroform is very scarce, isn't it?" "Yes, Colonel." "Then keep it for some poor soldier who needs it. I can do without it."
5	TH	And who is my neighbour?— <i>Luke 10, 29.</i>
6	F	Love your enemies.— <i>Matt. 5, 44.</i>
7	S	As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men.— <i>Gal. 6, 10.</i>
8	S	The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp ;— <i>Deut. 23, 14.</i>
9	M	Therefore shall thy camp be holy :
10	TU	That He see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee.
11	W	Having our bodies washed with pure water.— <i>Heb. 10, 22.</i> The children in Alderley used to cry, when they saw Dean Stanley's father, "Mother, mother, wash my face, the rector's coming."
12	TH	Your bodies are members of Christ.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 15. R. V.</i>
13	F	The King's daughter is all glorious.— <i>Psalms 45, 13.</i>
14	S	Angels clothed in pure and white linen.— <i>Rev. 13, 6.</i>
15	S	No soldier on service entangleth himself with the affairs of this life ;
16	M	That he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 4. R. V.</i>
17	TU	Forgetting those things which are behind.— <i>Phil. 3, 13.</i>
18	W	Let us lay aside every weight. After the battle of Vittoria, 1813, when the French treasure chests were upset and the gold pieces were scattered on the ground, the 52nd Regiment marched past without a man falling out of the ranks for plunder. The regiment is proud of that till this day.— <i>Wilberforce's Recollections.</i>
19	TH	Let us run with patience the race that is set before us,
20	F	Looking unto Jesus.— <i>Heb. 12, 1.</i>
21	S	Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.— <i>Psalms 119, 37.</i>
22	S	My Lord tarrieth.— <i>Matt. 24, 48. R. V.</i>
23	M	I am forgotten.— <i>Psalms 31, 12.</i>
24	TU	Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?— <i>2 Kings 6, 33. R. V.</i>
25	W	I hope in Thy word.— <i>Psalms 119, 81.</i> "I hope indeed ; but hope itself is fear Viewed on the sunny side."
26	TH	Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him.— <i>Psalms 43, 5.</i>
27	F	The vision is yet for the appointed time.— <i>Hab. 2, 3.</i>
28	S	Though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come.
29	S	How sweet are Thy words unto my taste !— <i>Psalms 119, 103.</i>
30	M	Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. "For several years I read the whole Bible once every six months. It is a great tree, each word of which is a mighty branch. Each of these branches have I shaken to see what fruit they bore, and what they could give me ; and every time I have succeeded in getting a couple either of pears or apples."— <i>Luther.</i>
31	TU	O taste and see.— <i>Psalms 34, 8.</i>

April, 1896.

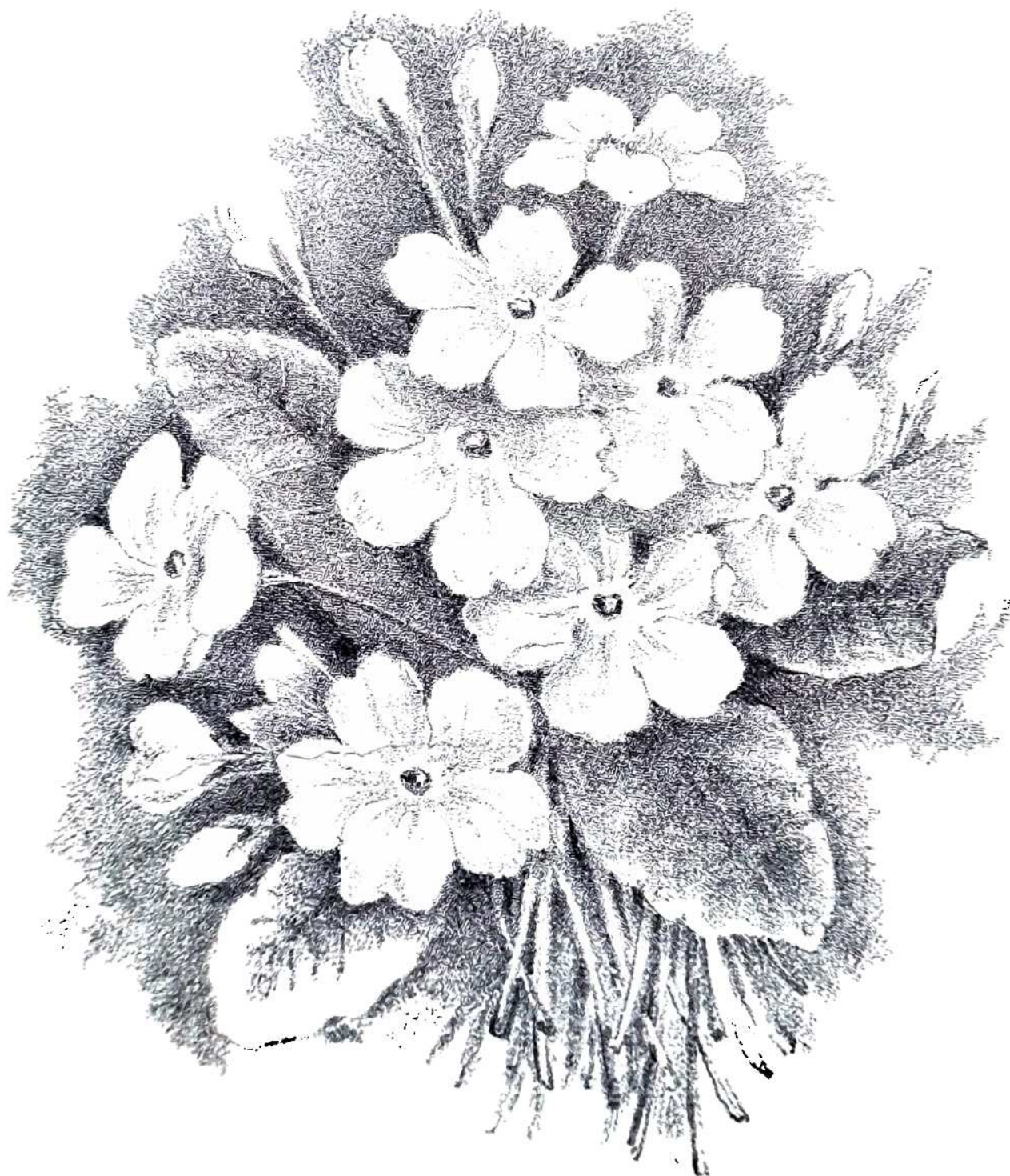
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 4.



**"Leaf-Nested Primroses."**



April 3rd, 1846.



HOPE you remember sometimes to pray for travellers and explorers, and all who go down to sea in ships, and especially for Dr Nansen and his brave comrades, if it so please God that they be still alive.

Sir John Franklin left England, May, 1845, with 135 officers and men. His two ships were last seen two months afterwards in Baffin Bay. All further trace of him was lost till 1850. But on the 27th August of that year, when the English and American search expeditions met at Beechy Island, and their commanders, Sir John Ross, Captain Penny, and Captain de Haven were separating to carry out their plan of operations, a man came running over the ice, and called out, "Graves! Captain Penny, graves!" For amid the snow and slate three graves had been found covered with slabs of limestone, and with head stones on which were cut these inscriptions:

Sacred to the Memory of  
JOHN TORRINGTON,  
Who departed this life, 1st Jan., 1846,  
On board of H.M.'s ship *Terror*,  
Aged 20 years.

Sacred to the Memory of  
JOHN HARTNELL, A.B.,  
of H.M.S. *Erebus*,  
Aged 23 years.

*Thus saith the Lord, Consider your ways. Haggai, 1, 7.*

Sacred to the Memory of  
W. BRAINE, R.M.,  
H.M.S. *Erebus*,  
Died April 3rd, 1846,  
Aged 32 years.

*Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. Joshua ch. xxiv. 15.*

It is to that voice from that far off grave in the frozen north, uttered fifty years ago to-day, that God wishes you to listen.

When other fifty years have passed, by far the most of us will have finished our course and reached our goal. And for all such may God grant in His great mercy through Jesus Christ that the words may be true that are written on another monument raised twelve years after on that same island to Franklin himself and all his company:

*And so bringeth He them unto the haven where they would be.*

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*(Continued from page 28.)*

At the  
age of  
87

DAVID ZEISBERGER, the Moravian missionary, died in Ohio, U.S.A., in 1808, after two-and-sixty years of hard and loving service amongst the Indian tribes. They adopted him as one of their own people, gave him an Indian name, and made him keeper of their records. It was General Oglethorpe, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who sent him first to America when he was a friendless boy. Zeisberger was

At the  
age of  
87

turned to God at the age of twenty-two by a hymn which spoke of the love of Christ.

JOHN WALLIS died at Oxford, 1703. He was one of the great mathematicians who prepared the way for Newton. He was Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford; yet he was fifteen years of age when he first saw an arithmetic book. But having seen it he mastered it from end to end in two weeks. In 1644, when he was twenty-eight, he was appointed assistant clerk to the famous Assembly of Divines at Westminster—the men who prepared our *Shorter Catechism*—the two chief clerks being Adoniram Byfield and Henry Roborough. They each received four shillings per day. Small wages, some would say; yes, small wages if you only count the shillings, but big wages if you add to them the work they did.

87 THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., the distinguished painter, writing six years ago, said: "I am now eighty-seven, and strong in health. I eat well, sleep well, walk well, and see well. I read my paper without glasses. I walk three or four miles regularly every day, at the same hour. I always go to my painting-room at seven in the morning in summer, and half-an-hour later in the winter; set my palette, and paint till breakfast is ready at eight o'clock. For this I eat oatmeal porridge, some bread, and drink about half-a-pint of milk, just warm from my own cows. Then I return to my studio and paint till lunch at twelve; after which I paint again till three. Then I clean up my palette for the day, and go out for my walk, returning in time to wash and prepare for a six o'clock dinner, which I enjoy without my glass of port, for I have quite given that up and every other kind of wine. After this I read, and at ten o'clock I am off to bed."

It was Mr. Cooper who, when he was a boy applying for work and was asked, "What can you do?" replied, "I can do nothing, sir, but I will try to learn, and will promise to do everything you tell me."

87 MAJOR LEARMONT, the Covenanter, died. He fought in the battle of Pentland Hills in 1666, and at Bothwell Bridge in 1679. Escaping to his own house near Lanark, he took refuge in a vault which he had digged under ground many years before. The entrance to it was in the side of a wall in his own house, and it was so cleverly closed up with a stone that no one would have judged it to be anything but a stone of the building. The passage was forty yards long, arched all the way, the mouth of it being in a turf dyke. To this hiding place he betook himself often during the persecution, and many a time the soldiers searched his house in vain, till the secret—which had been kept by his servants for sixteen years—was betrayed by a herdsman. He was brought before the Council in Edinburgh and sentenced to death on the 8th of April, 1682. But after a reprieve his sentence was changed into imprisonment for life on the Bass Rock. After five years of suffering he was let out on bail, the doctors having declared him to be dying. "Freedom revived him," and he lived for four years after the Revolution of 1688.

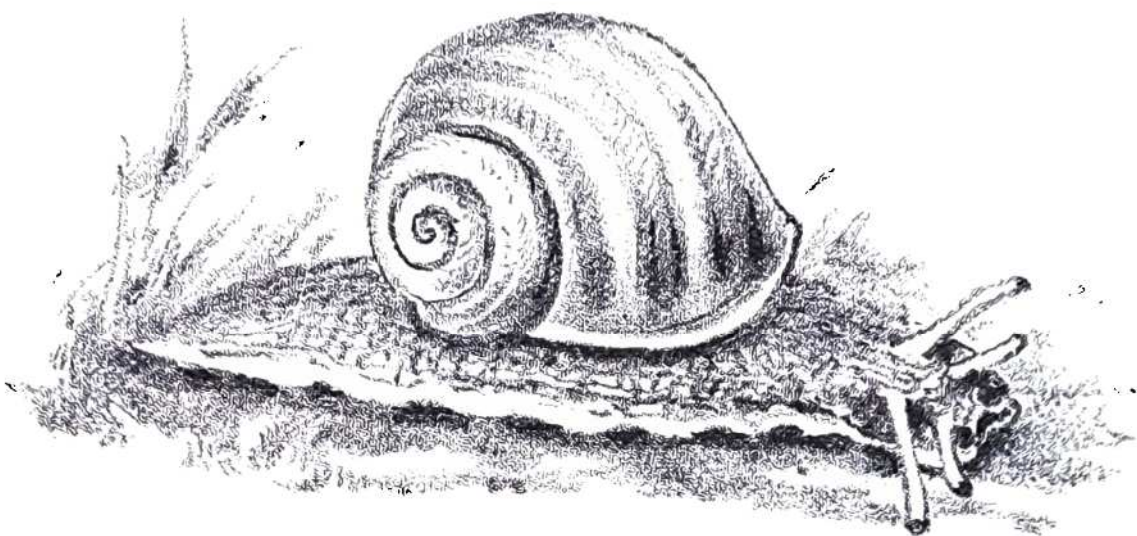


## The Parrot and the Snail.

THE parrot lived in a beautiful cage, which cost £12 and was fitted with a bath and spars and rings and

trapezes—and these of all sorts, and of course it fared sumptuously every day. For its master and mistress spent half their time attending to its wants. Nothing elated them if it was depressed. Three times they had taken it with them to the Continent; it had seen Paris and Florence and Rome and Naples—that is to say, it had been in them—and they would even have taken it to see the ruins of Pompeii if some one had not suggested to them that, intelligent though their parrot was, its knowledge of ancient history was hardly great enough to justify the giving to it of such opportunities.

A visitor who had been left alone with the bird for a little time, and had spoken his mind somewhat freely in its presence and hearing about the sin and folly of wasting time and money on such a useless creature, while thousands of children were neglected and starved, had just left the room. The parrot had



added considerably to its vocabulary during his stay. "Sin and Folly," "Pretty Polly," "Most extravagantly fed," "No ideas in its head," "It really is absurd," "The way they treat that stupid bird."

That was not the order in which the visitor had uttered these sentences, but the jingle of them had caught the parrot's ear, and as its master and mistress were from home it had no one to repeat them to but itself till they should return. After many vain repetitions of them, it chanced to notice a common garden snail climbing up the side of the window, and forthwith began to abuse it. "You slimy, odious, creeping thing!"

"My good sir," said the poor snail, "I have been listening to you for an hour, and I can see that God has given you the strange faculty of saying words you don't know the meaning of. That's risk enough to run. It is a pity that, when you do know what you are saying, you

should only insult others who are not meddling with you."

The parrot hereupon was filled with great fear. Now that it thought of it, its master's favourite nephew did seem to be pretty cross when he was speaking that afternoon. But after a while it recovered its spirits, and began to taunt the snail again. Snails have eyes on the tops of their two longest horns, but they can only see a few inches ahead, and this one had found its way by accident on to the glass of the window and was making but slow progress. "Hurry up!" said the parrot, "you have done a whole half-inch in rather less than a quarter of an hour. It will be Sabbath before you get to the end of the pane."

The poor snail made no reply, having no strength to spare, and the parrot began again. "Do you know that I have been on the Continent three times? I have been in trains that went eighty miles an hour. But you can't imagine what that means. The quickest possible speed you could go at is four yards an hour. Oh, dear! eighty miles would take you almost four years. It would take you 1,100 years to go round the world, and if my master and mistress go round it I'm to go with them, and we shall do it in eighty days. Think of that!"

"Yes," said the snail, "and if they take *me* with them I'll do it in eighty days too."

"You go round the world!" said the parrot, with great scorn and anger, for it felt it had somehow failed in its last argument.

"Why not?" said the snail. "What's to hinder me? I'm not a prisoner like you. You are in a cage. I'm free. You have to be fed. I feed myself. You have to be carried about. I carry my own house on my back. If you break the wires of your master's cage, it has to be mended for you. I mend my own shell if it gets broken. I'm both free and independent. I can begin to go round the world this afternoon if I like. You can only go from one end of your cage to the other."

At this the parrot broke into a fury. "Do you see my beak? If I could get a hold of you——"

"Yes," said the snail, "and I see your tongue too, and a black little tongue it is. If a change of sky would change your manners, the sooner and the greater the change the better. I do not deny that God has made you a bird and given you great beauty, and I am but a slimy creeping thing. But He has not been altogether unmindful of me. You snap your beak at me, but He Who gave you it has given me teeth——"

"Teeth! *You* got teeth!" said the parrot, and then it began to laugh and whistle and say, "Ha, ha."

"Yes," said the snail, "I've got teeth, rows of teeth, 135 rows of teeth, and 105 teeth in every row. You that are so good at counting, there's a sum for you to do! But I have no time to wait. There's your mistress coming with your four o'clock plum. I don't expect ever to get *round* the world, but I have



to get *through* the world, and I mean and hope to get through it honourably; and if I can't make things go easier for others, I'll try not to make them any harder. Good-bye! GOOD-BYE!"

*I beheld the transgressors and was grieved.—Ps. 119, 136. Ezek. 9, 4. Prov. 14, 9.*

IN the course of a trial in England a few years ago, when a spectator laughed loudly at a piece of evidence which filled every one else with loathing, the judge, the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, ordered the officer of court to take the man out of his seat and place him beside the prisoner in the dock, and there he was kept till the end of the trial.

*Having your loins girt about with truth.—Eph. 6, 16.*

WHEN Frederick-William III., King of Prussia, the great-grandfather of the present Emperor of Germany, was a boy, his grand-uncle Frederick the Great, wishing to see how he was getting on with his French lessons, took down a copy of *La Fontaine* from a shelf, and said, "Translate me this Fable." The boy did it so easily and so correctly that the King was much pleased and gave him great praise. Whereupon the honest little fellow said, "I did that one with my Tutor the other day." The King was even more pleased with this frank confession, and taking the boy with him into the gardens, spoke to him with great solemnity about the law of truth that lies on all men and especially on kings. "Look at this high thing," said he, pointing to an obelisk which

they were passing; "its *uprightness* is its strength." And then he added, "Remember this evening, my good Fritz; perhaps thou wilt think of it, long after, when I am gone."

THE Master of Blantyre, the only son of Lord Blantyre, who died on the 15th March a year ago, was a very godly man. Amongst his favourite passages of Scripture were—Psalm 46; 1 John 2, 25-28; Romans 8; and 1 Peter 1; and 4; but he loved the 53rd of Isaiah best. He was very brave, being a fearless yachtsman; yet he was a very gentle man. On his Highland sheep farm he worked as hard as any of his shepherds, summer and winter. He rose at four o'clock every morning, and used to take for breakfast cold porridge, made the night before, to keep the maids from rising. During his last illness his little cat lay on his bed, and even in his great suffering he would not move or turn, in case he should disturb it.

THE mother-blackbird, from her perch on an adjoining tree, cried very piteously when she saw the weasel coming, and pleaded with her to spare her little ones. "They are such a pretty blue, and I am sure they will all be singers. They will fill the wood with music for you from morning till night."

"I wouldn't give a good breakfast for all the music of the spheres," said the weasel.

"But remember how fond you are of your own little ones. Your








sister lost her life defending hers, and you would do the same if need be, I am sure. *Do* spare them, and if ever any of us see the gamekeeper coming we will warn you."

"Thanks, but I don't need a blackbird to warn me. You don't catch a weasel asleep!"

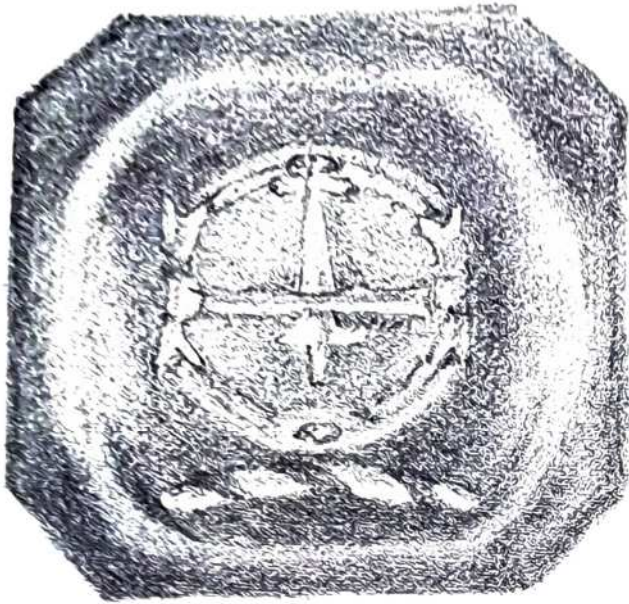
Yet, strange to say, eight weeks afterwards, that weasel overslept herself one day, and coming to the mouth of the hole in the bank that led to her nest, to look at the daylight to see what time it was, she was surprised by the keeper and shot. She had but two moments left to think, but in those moments her own proud, cruel words to the blackbird came all back into her mind.

—•—•—•—•—•—•—  
 HERE are several families in England which have for their crest the *Buckle of a Belt*. That buckle carries us back to the 19th September, 1356. In that year, Edward, the Black Prince, who had greatly distinguished himself while only a lad of sixteen at the great battle of Crecy ten years before, found himself outmarched and hemmed in by John the Good, King of the French. Edward had only 13,000 men and, as John had 60,000, Edward offered to pay 100,000 francs, to yield up a number of castles and towns, and to refrain from war for the next seven years. But the French King, who could easily have starved the English into surrender, was eager to avenge the defeat of Crecy, and insisted on conditions to which Edward refused to yield. All that day, while negotiations were going on, the

English dug ditches and made fences amongst the vineyards. The battle of Poitiers began next morning. "John," said Edward, to the brave knight Sir John Chandos, "get forward; you shall not see me turn my back this day, but I will ever be with the foremost." When the day was done the French dead almost outnumbered the whole English army, and there were over two thousand prisoners.

In those days prisoners were not spared for the sake of mercy. Common soldiers when taken were sold for slaves if prices were good and a market for them near at hand. Otherwise they were butchered on the spot. But the friends of knights and nobles were willing and able to pay ransom, and every effort was made to take them alive. "Their redemption was precious." The death of a nobleman in battle was therefore a calamity, for it meant the loss of so much money.

Now, the King of France and one of his sons were taken prisoners at Poitiers, and one of those who had a hand in taking him, Sir John de Pelham, received the Buckle of a Belt as a badge of honour in memory of his exploit. Hence the crest of his descendants; they spring from one who captured a king alive on the battlefield. King John was brought to London, which he entered on a big white charger, his youthful conqueror riding beside him with great show of humility on a little black pony. John's ransom was fixed at £500,000, and he returned to France, leaving his son, the Duke of Anjou, as a hostage.



But the Duke fled, and as John could not pay the money, he honourably, of his own accord, came back to England, and lived there an exile till his death in 1364. The Scotch King was a prisoner, too, in London in those days, and he was a son of Robert the Bruce! His ransom was only £6,000, a sum which seemed to his thoughtful subjects, and apparently even to himself, to be fully greater than he was worth.

I wonder if you know that if you are good soldiers of Jesus Christ, He will give you His own complete armour, and you may not only bring yourselves and every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; but you may also subdue kingdoms, and obtain promises, and stop the mouths of lions, and put to flight armies of aliens, and the God of peace shall bruise even Satan under your feet shortly. "Nevertheless, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

### No. 4. My First Storms.

*For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind.—Ps. 107—The Sailor's Psalm. Stormy wind fulfilling His word.—Ps. 148. The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea.—Jonah 1.*

WE must get into a gale of wind. Inside of a week after we left Gourock—it was our first Sabbath at sea—it came on to blow hard and sudden, with a heavy cross sea. A squall of wind and rain struck the *Miramichi* and split the foretop-gallant sail. "Go aloft and send that t'gallant sail down," the officer cried to the watch. It was not an easy job, the sail cracking and drumming against the mast and rigging, and bits of it like whipcord flying about. But we soon gathered it up and lowered away. No sooner were we on deck than the order was given, "All hands reef topsails," and then of course the rivalry I told you of between the two watches and the different men began.

Next day the mate said to me, "Look here, youngster, some of the canvas of that sail is pretty good, but the rest is only fit for parceling," that is, for winding round ropes and rigging to keep them from being chafed. "I'll give you three yards of it to make a pair of trousers, and I'll cut them for you if none of the men can do it, but you must sew them yourself. Remember, three stitches to the inch; that's the regulation, plenty of ventilation; come as nigh that as you



can. The sooner you have them on the better I'll like it."

My old friend Mowatt was close at hand. "I'll cut them for him, Sir." "All right; we'll see." When we went below, instead of turning into his bunk, he appeared with two palms and needles, one of each for himself and one for me. Palms are pieces of leather fitted to the hand; they have an iron socket, and are used by sailors instead of thimbles to force the needle through the stout canvas. I was duly measured, and it was not long till they were cut and I had a seam to sew, but as Mowatt was an expert hand at the needle, I must confess he did the most of the trousers. They were finished sooner than I should have thought possible, and then I put them on and found them an excellent fit. I felt quite proud of them; I looked quite a sailor. I was so delighted with them that I went aft and showed them to the chief officer. "You have made such a good job," he said, "that I'll give you as much canvas as will make you a jumper," that is, a kind of jacket. I was getting quite a wardrobe. The canvas was fine for shinning up the rigging. I got the jumper made, and then I could get my clothes washed every Saturday. The sailors get Saturday afternoons as a rule to do their washing. Then on Sabbaths, of course, I always put on my best clothes, even when it was my trick at the wheel, not only because all sailors are expected by the regulations to do that, but I had been trained to respect the Sabbath in my father's house.

When we left Quebec on our way back, late in the fall of the year, it came on a severe snowstorm from the south-east. Beating down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it took us three weeks to get clear of St. Paul's, and the way Captain Scott handled that ship in this terrific weather, nothing but dead reckoning all the time, has been a wonder to me all my life since. The men at one time went aft and wanted him to bear up and run back to save the ship and the lives of the crew. She was leaking so much—it was a timber cargo—that there was ten feet of water in the hold at one time. When the carpenter reported it, the Captain said, "You have surely made a mistake. Try it again." I was told to bring the lantern along. The pumps were sounded again, and the line carefully measured. "Ten feet four inches." "What shall we do?" said the Captain. Of course he knew quite well what to do, and it was foolish of me to think he was asking a question. When I said, therefore, "I think we had better pump her out, Sir!" it was very presumptuous in me, but he saw I meant no ill, and he very kindly took it quite good-naturedly. "We'll try it," he said. So all hands were called, and he made a short speech. "Now, boys, we want manly pluck, and a little bull-dog courage. We've a lot of water in the ship, and we've got to get it out of her." So we struck up a song and manned the pumps, and at the end of thirty-six hours we were able to let the half of the crew go below. Thirty years after, as I



was at the entrance gate of the Royal Albert Docks in London, a hand clapped me on the shoulder,

and a voice said, "I think we had better pump her out, Sir!" I turned, and there was my old Captain.



**homewards!**



1	W	God planted a garden.— <i>Gen. 2, 8.</i> “Glory to God Who from dead creation thus raises up life again in spring-time.”— <i>Luther, April, 1539.</i>
2	TH	Cursed is the ground for thy sake.— <i>Gen. 3, 17.</i>
3	F	In the place where He was crucified there was a garden.— <i>John 19, 41.</i>
4	S	The Paradise of God.— <i>Rev. 2, 7.</i>
5	S	Holiness becometh Thine house.— <i>Psalms 93, 5.</i>
6	M	Lord, I love the habitation of Thy house,
7	TU	And the place where Thy glory dwelleth.— <i>Psalms 26, 8. R. V.</i>
8	W	Samuel opened the doors of the house of the Lord.— <i>1 Sam. 3, 15.</i>
9	TH	Children in the temple, saying Hosanna.— <i>Matt. 21, 15.</i> When the godly Bishop Rickersteth was a boy, it was his duty to see that the lamps in his father's church were kept bright. His father would not suffer a speck of dust to be seen in the building. It was of the Bishop's sermons that a little child once said—“I do like them; they always make me want to be good.”
10	F	Jesus would not suffer that any man should carry a vessel through the temple.— <i>Mark 11, 16.</i>
11	S	In His temple everything saith, Glory.— <i>Psalms 29, 9. R. V.</i>
12	S	Guilty before God.— <i>Rom. 3, 19.</i>
13	M	The wages of sin is death.— <i>Rom. 6, 23.</i>
14	TU	God hath prepared the instruments of death.— <i>Psalms 7, 13.</i> Up till 1870 the punishment for high treason was beheading. If the accused was found guilty the axe carried on the shoulder of the officer of Court who went before him had its edge turned towards him; if innocent, it was turned from him.
15	W	A certain (that is, a sort of) fearful looking for of judgment.— <i>Heb. 10, 27.</i>
16	TH	Though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away.— <i>Isa. 12, 1.</i>
17	F	Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law,
18	S	Having become a curse for us.— <i>Gal. 3, 13. R. V.</i>
19	S	They bound Jesus.— <i>Mark 15, 1.</i>
20	M	The reproach of Christ.— <i>Heb. 11, 26.</i> Louis de Marsac, a French Protestant martyr, was grieved, when they led him to the stake, that they did not put a halter round his neck, as they did to his companions, owing to his being a nobleman. “Why,” he said, “do you refuse me the collar of that excellent order of martyrs?”
21	TU	Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonour for the Name.— <i>Acts 5, 41. R. V.</i>
22	W	Paul, the prisoner of Christ Jesus.— <i>Eph. 3, 1.</i>
23	TH	The fellowship of His sufferings.— <i>Phil. 3, 10.</i>
24	F	I have been crucified with Christ.— <i>Gal. 2, 20. R. V.</i>
25	S	If we died with Him, we shall also live with Him.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 11. R. V.</i>
26	S	The officers answered, Never man so spake.— <i>John 7, 46. R. V.</i>
27	M	He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.— <i>Matt. 7, 29.</i> “The doctrine of the lawyers is nothing but <i>Nisi</i> , that is, Unless this or that; <i>Nisi</i> must be in every case: but divinity is certain.”— <i>Luther's Table Talk.</i>
28	TU	Verily, verily, I say unto you.— <i>John 10, 1.</i>
29	W	I am the way, the truth, the life.— <i>v. 6.</i>
30	TH	If I say the truth, why do ye not believe Me?— <i>John 8, 46.</i>



May, 1896.

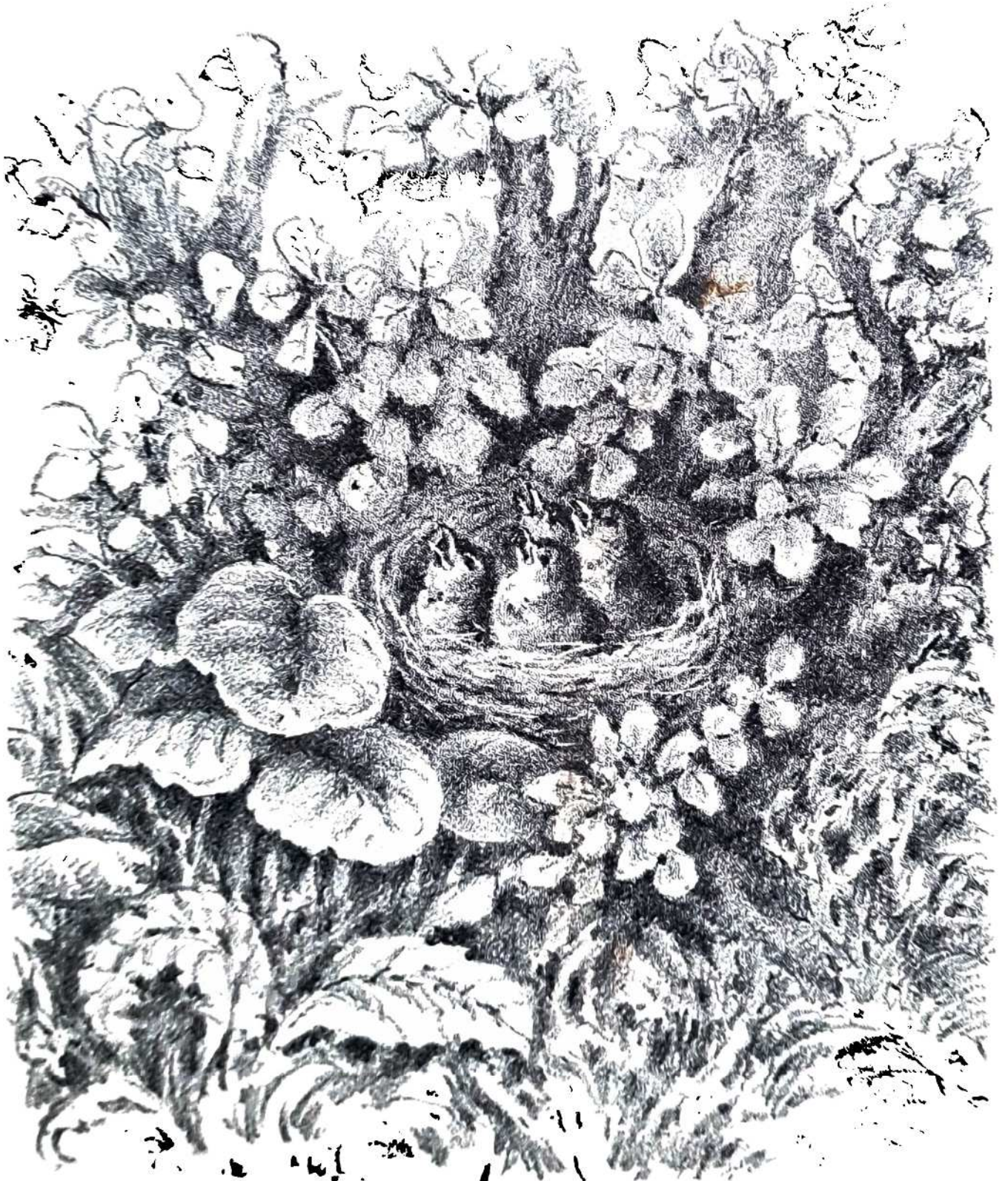
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 5.



**Nightingales.**



### Young Nightingales.

What beaks you have, you funny things !  
 What voices shrill and weak !  
 Who'd think that any thing that sings  
 Could sing through such a beak ?

Yet you'll be nightingales one day,  
 And charm the country side,  
 When I'm away, and far away,  
 And May is queen and bride.

—Christina G. Rossetti.



**I**MEDIATELY after the war between France and Germany was ended in 1871—a war which cost France five hundred and sixteen million pounds of money, and over two hundred and fifty thousand lives—an insurrection broke out in Paris. For some weeks men who were known as Communists ruled the city, and did their best to leave it in ruins. Men and women brought fire-engines to pour oil on public buildings, and then set fire to them. Murder ran riot in the streets.

During the siege of Lucknow, Lady Inglis tells us, the children used to play inside the Residency at making and throwing balls of mud, which they called shells. So also, during this second siege of Paris, the children were seen playing in the streets. Captain Bingham, in his *Recollections of Paris*, tells us that one day he saw a little child sitting on the ground in the sun, amusing himself by putting coppers into a piece of an exploded shell and pouring them out on the pavement. So intent was he on this operation, that Captain Bingham told him he would do well to get out of the line of fire and into one

of the side streets as soon as possible, as more shells would be falling in a few minutes. His only reply was, as he continued playing, "I can hear them coming."

That may have been only the ignorance and thoughtlessness of a child. But there were other scenes that make one think of the recklessness, and defiance of God, that ungodly men and nations always show when the cup of their iniquity is full.

Captain Bingham tells us that, one day, meeting some men and women flying in wild disorder, and seeing three dead bodies lying in the Rue de la Paix—Peace Street!—he went into a tobacconist's to ask what had happened. While he was listening to the story of the tragedy that had just been performed a few yards off, a boy entered the shop and, putting some money on the counter, asked for one sou of snuff and a pack of cards !

That same day, in that same neighbourhood, after five-and-twenty persons had been shot, and the men who had killed them were barely out of sight, a bridal procession passed along the Boulevards. The bride and bridegroom had gone to the Mayor's house to be married by him, but finding him absent were returning unwedded. "For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not, until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 39.)

At the  
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JOHN CRAIG, the Scottish Reformer, colleague of John Knox, and author of the first National Covenant of Scotland of 1580, died in Edinburgh in 1600. He was born in 1512, lost his father next year in the battle of Flodden, became a Roman Catholic monk, and was brought to Protestantism and to God through reading a copy of Calvin's *Institutes* which he found in a monastery library in Bologna. On the 18th August, 1559, he was lying in the dungeon of the Inquisition at Rome, condemned to be burnt next morning, when Pope Paul IV. died, to the great joy of the people. It was Paul who first published the *Index*, or list of books which Roman Catholics are not allowed to read. As was customary when a Pope died, all prisoners were set free, those who were accused of heresy, however, being always apprehended again whenever they got outside the prison walls. But in the confusion that arose on this occasion Mr. Craig escaped. He was pursued by a company of soldiers and tracked to a house in which he had taken refuge. Their captain, on entering the house, looked at him earnestly, and, taking him aside, asked him if he remembered relieving a poor wounded soldier near Bologna some years ago. Mr. Craig said he had no recollection of it. "But I have," said the captain, "and I am the man whom you relieved, and God has now put it in my power to pay you back." And so saying, he let him go, after giving him all the money he had upon him.

But after a time, as Mr. Craig journeyed through Italy, the last of the money was spent, and he lay down at the side of a wood to think what he should do. A few moments after, a dog came up to him with a purse in its teeth. Thinking that the dog must belong to some one in the neighbourhood, he tried to drive it away, but as it continued to fawn upon him, he at last took the purse, and found in it as much money as served him till he reached Vienna. In St Giles' Cathedral, in Edinburgh, which you must all visit when you have the opportunity, there is a brass tablet in memory of Mr. Craig, and on it there is the picture of a dog with a purse in its mouth, and underneath, the words, "My All."

88 HANS JOACHIM VON ZIETEN, one of the greatest of cavalry generals, still affectionately spoken of in Prussia as "Old Father Zieten," died 26th January, 1786. Carlyle describes him thus: "Rugged, simple-hearted, much-enduring, hot tempered, a son of oatmeal and iron; born poor, a big-headed, thick-lipped, decidedly ugly little man, with his respectable bearskin cylinder hat a-top, and yet so beautiful in his ugliness; wise, pious, resolute, true, with a dash of high, uncomplaining sorrow."

In his youth, and indeed till after his fiftieth year, he was the constant victim of malice, envy, and slander, being at one time imprisoned for a year, and at another, dismissed from the army, unrighteously. But, like Joseph, he held fast by his integrity, gained



the mastery of himself, bided his time, and at last came forth as gold tried in the fire.

Few men ever learned the art of being silent better than he. Yet he could speak and act to purpose when occasion seemed. Once, when the King, Frederick the Great, reviewed his regiment of hussars, and after calling them country boobies, and unlicked bears, lost his temper, and told them, with passionate terms of abuse, that they were good for nothing, Zieten thrust his sword into his scabbard, and cried out, "Sire, though we are good for nothing to-day, yet there was a time when we did our duty; as long as there was any need for our services, we were, it seems, worth something." And for two weeks afterwards, while the troops remained in camp, the sturdy soldier never once appeared with his regiment again, but went about as a mere spectator. And the King said nothing!—a circumstance unparalleled in the annals of the Prussian army.

At another time, at some review, the King, who was in an ill humour with everything, after speaking harshly to Zieten and his regiment, cried, "Out of my sight with you!" whereupon Zeiten took him at his word, turned to his hussars, gave the order—"*Rechts um*," Right about, March! and so he and they disappeared, and rattled off, double-quick, never halting till they reached Berlin! Everybody said, "Zieten is done for now," but nothing more was ever heard of the thing.

It was during the terrible seven years' war—1756-1763—for the possession of Silesia, a province in the south-east of Prussia, that Frederick got to know and love him. Often, when the King was losing heart, Zieten, as they lay stretched side by side on a bed of straw in the open field, would strive to comfort him. "All will yet come well, Sire." "One would think, to hear you speak," replied the King on one such occasion, "that a new ally had joined us." "No, Sire, I know of no other than One Who dwells above. He will never forsake us." "But," rejoined the King, "He no longer works miracles." "Be it so," was the answer, "then it is because we don't need any miracles." "You were right for once," said the King afterwards, "your Ally has kept His word."

When Zieten was old he generally fell asleep at the royal table. But Frederick would never allow him to be disturbed. "Let him sleep on," he once said; "he has watched long enough for us." In 1784, the old warrior, at the close of a parade, went to the palace to pay his respects to his Sovereign, for the last time as it proved. The King, forgetting, or rather most truly asserting, his royal dignity, with a courtesy almost unheard of then, commanded a chair to be brought for the old man, and stood himself while he rested.

Zieten, though plain in feature, was extremely neat and clean in dress. He could use his sword with either hand, and was, of course, a magnificent horseman. He drank nothing but water, and, after making his pipe his inseparable companion for forty years, suddenly gave it up and never took to it again. Like some other patient, ill-used hard workers, he was a great eater, or at least lover, of carrots!

Like every one who loves God, he loved the public worship of the Sabbath day. And he prayed much, not simply in the morning

Old Father Sieten.





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and evening, but "consecrating to that duty his occasional moments of solitude, his watchings, his sleepless hours ; and his couch was often found to have been watered with his tears." Death came quietly and suddenly at last to him, after seventy-three years of service. He rose from supper one night unwell, was heard now and again, in the stillness of the night, praying aloud, and in the morning he was gone, having won his last and greatest victory.

## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

### No. 5. "*Man Overboard!*"

THESE are few cries more terrible than that, and it is one that every sailor hears sooner or later, and hears oftener than once. On our way home on my first voyage we had a very nice crew, and we lost one of them that way. His name was Robert Cree ; he came from about Kilwinning. He and I were aloft, when the sail which we were taking in gave a shiver, and knocked him off the yard. I was told to keep a look-out for his wake, for it was night, and I could see the phosphorescence in the water, and him striking out in it, and I could hear his cries for a good while too, for he was a good swimmer. But before the boat was got out and pulled towards the place where he had been, he was out of sight. We cruised about as long as there were any hopes, but all in vain. Cree was a young lad, and he would have been a smart sailor if he had been spared.

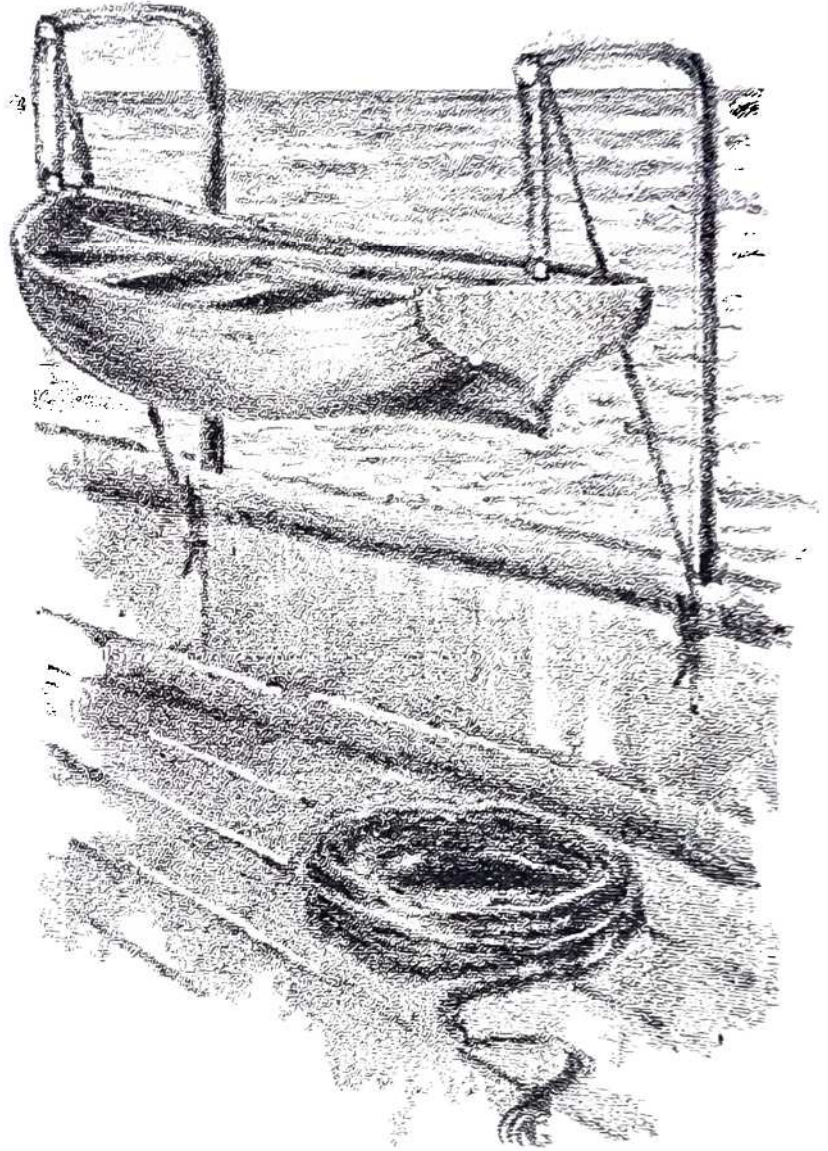
Does it take long to get out a boat at sea? Well, that depends on circumstances, as, for example, the weather, whether the ship is running before the wind, or sailing on a wind, that is, sailing partly in

the direction from which the wind blows ; and, of course, it depends above all on the way in which the boat is stowed on deck. I remember a ship, the *City of Dunedin*, which left the Clyde on the 9th July, 1863, with over 500 passengers bound for New Zealand. I was to pilot her down the Channel. It was not an easy matter arranging so many passengers and messes, six or seven in a mess, and the families by themselves as far as possible, and I was only too glad to help in any way that I could. We took the passengers on board at the Tail-of-the-Bank, and lay there a couple of days getting things into order, exercising the crew at the boats and fire-engines. Every night at sundown the fire-hose was fitted to the pumps, all ready for use. Then every man had to be at his own boat, and his own oar, so that there should be no confusion if the order were given to lower away the boats. From the moment I gave the word, "Lower away the boats," the boats were to be in the water, the tackle unhooked, the boats rowed right round the ship, hooked on to the tackle again, and pulled up to the davits, all in five minutes. "Now, boys," I would say, "it's not pleasant to be working all night, but we have got to do this duty in that time, and the moment it is done we knock off."

After the passengers had been mustered on the poop, and had answered to their names, and been passed by the doctor and the Government Inspector, and their compartments had been examined, the passengers had to go down below to their berths. Then the crew and the boats were inspected, and when that was done, "Now, Pilot, under way as soon as you like!" "All right. Man the windlass, all hands. Any of you strong young fellows, passengers, who wish to volunteer to give us a hand with the anchor, come along!" As soon as the anchor was up, and the hawser passed on board the tug, word was sent to the Inspector that there was a boat alongside to take him ashore, unless he wished a passage to New Zealand by mistake.

(Most pilots get carried away sometime or other. I was once carried out in a gale of wind 700 miles west of Torea before I got on board another vessel to bring me back.) Then we got under weigh, after discharging the people from the owners' office, and had sent off the friends of the passengers, with as ringing a cheer as we could.

We proceeded all night, and next day about noon were off the Fair Head on the North of Ireland,



when one of the passengers looking ashore at the little farm he had left got quite overpowered, and either tripped or threw himself overboard—we couldn't tell which. We were then going along with main-royal set, pretty fair breeze, and smooth water. I sang out to the captain of the tug-boat—it was the *Conqueror*, Mr. Leitch—"Stand by to slip the hawser. Bo'sun, stand by your starboard lifeboat. Bring your crew along and lower away when I tell

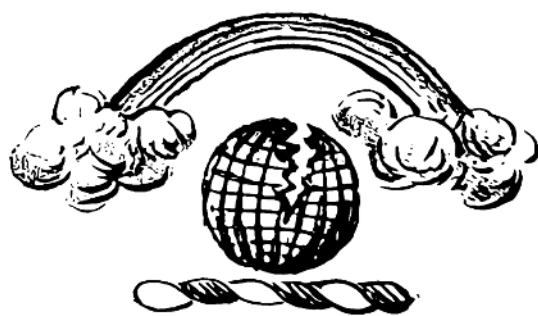


you." The lifeboat crew were close at hand, and jumped in at once. I found that the hawser was already slipped and the tug-boat was running back to pick the man up. We luffed to at once, that is, turned the ship's head towards the wind, lowered away the boat as soon as the way was off the ship, and the bo'sun had him pulled into the lifeboat in less than five minutes from the time the accident occurred. It was done so smartly that some of the sailors thought it was just the pilot exercising them! And indeed it was very smartly done. But that is the value of discipline and practice. You do a thing so often that you learn to do it easily, quite mechanically, almost without thinking, without losing your head, and therefore without making a mistake or losing a moment, and in saving a life one moment may be everything; one moment may mean eternity. Most people lose chances of doing things in this world because they have to *get ready* when the opportunity comes. It is the man who is *always ready, ready beforehand*, whom God honours to do anything. For He has warned us that He comes like a thief in the night, at an hour when we think not, when it is *too late to begin to prepare*. That is the mistake boys often make at school. They don't see any use in learning certain things. "What's the good of it?" they say. Then five years afterwards they lose the chance of a fine situation because they don't know French or German or shorthand, and then they say, "If I had only known!" But they

have missed the tide, and they suffer for it to the end of their days. Depend upon it, that if God gives us a chance of learning *any thing*, He will at the right time, and sooner than one would think, give us also the chance of putting that learning to use. So tell your young people from me to *Be Always Ready*, and whenever they are ready, they will find God ready too; He won't be behind-hand.

### Hope.

THE meaning of this little picture, which is the crest of the Hope family in Scotland, and of the Latin words underneath it, is, that though the world were to go to pieces, *Yet Hope* would remain *Unbroken*; or, as the 46th Psalm puts it, "We will not fear, though the earth be removed."



AT SPES INFRACTA

The symbol of *Hope* is the *Rainbow*, not only because of its beauty, a beauty made greater by the encompassing darkness, and because it joins heaven and earth, but also because it is the pledge of God's Own oath, and every hope that is the gift of God is sure and certain. Yet men sometimes speak as if hope and the rainbow, the sign

and the thing signified, were both equally delusive. So said Carlyle in lines written in sorrow nearly seventy years ago :

"What is Hope? A smiling Rainbow  
Children follow through the wet ;  
'Tis not here ; still yonder ! yonder !  
Never urchin found it yet."

Nothing could be more untrue. "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also : knowing that tribulation worketh patience ; and patience, experience ; and experience, hope ; *and hope maketh not ashamed.*"

I know a man who says that no two people see the same rainbow ; that everybody has a whole rainbow to himself ; and gets a new one if he moves a single step. I do not know if the man's mathematics can be trusted. But the thought that God gives a separate promise to every individual, every time He sets His bow in the cloud, is certainly a very beautiful one. But whether it be true of the rainbow in the way that has been mentioned or not, even if there were only one fixed rainbow, it would belong as completely to every man who looked at it as if he were the only man in all the world. But God does not wish us to catch the rainbow and lay it by. It is meant only to span and brighten the dark cloud, and when the cloud goes, the rainbow goes too, because something better, even the sun itself and the body of heaven in its clearness, has come in its stead.

*There is a time to cast away stones.—Eccl. 3, 5.*

A FRIEND told me the other day that, when he was a boy, he knocked out another boy's front tooth with a sling, and that the remembrance of it often troubled him. The loss of a front tooth means discomfort and suffering for all the remainder of one's life ; it mars one's look, it spoils one's voice, and by keeping one from chewing one's food properly it may even take whole years of life away.

I am not aware of ever having knocked anybody's teeth out by a blow of any kind, though it is true we all forget much of what we do, but there are three stones which I wish I had never thrown.

The first was one I threw at a girl who had her baby sister in her arms. I have an idea that the girl had called me names, though, perhaps, like the lawyer in the Bible, I am only willing to justify myself, but, whether or not, it was cruel and mean of me to throw the stone. I aimed better than I knew, for it struck the child and slightly cut its head, and then I ran home and sat trembling, pretending to be busy with my lessons. It was but ten minutes afterwards when I heard a woman's voice at the door saying, "Is there a boy here that struck my little baby with a stone and cut all its head?" Oh the misery of that moment !

The second stone was an oyster shell, if a shell can be called a stone. But it seemed made for throwing, for it fitted my finger and was just



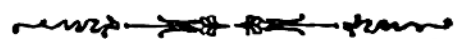
the right weight. I thought I would try how far I could send it, and away it flew gloriously, but the wind caught it, and it curved in the air and made straight for a window. Whether it was that the wind failed at the last moment, or that a new current caught it, or that some angel interposed—for boys keep the angels very busy—I do not know; somehow the stone missed the window by a hair's breadth, as it seemed, but my heart was in my mouth, and I learned how much suffering fear can compress into a little space of time.

I was at an age when I should have put away childish things when I threw the third. A little rook, unable to fly, had come out of its nest, one May long ago, to take its first look at the big world that lay all around it and beneath it. It must have felt as a child does the first time it looks down on the street out of a high window, or gazes from the front seat of a gallery in church on the people sitting in the seats below. I never meant to hit it, but only to see how near I could come—here I am justifying myself again—but hit it I did, the stone striking the little creature's breast just as it reached its highest point and turned in the air to come down. I can still hear the dull thud it gave, and I can see the rook stagger for a moment as it clutched the branch with its claws. What a rude welcome for a little fledgeling to get on its first introduction to the world from a student of moral philosophy! I can only hope that the rook, if it knew that it was I

who did it, has forgiven me long ago.

A hundred and fifty years ago this year, an Austrian general named Botto-Adorno allowed the city of Genoa to capitulate on condition that they paid him £15,000. When he got inside the walls he demanded £800,000. "If we pay that," the people said, "we shall have nothing left." "Oh, yes," the traitor answered (for his father was a Genoese) "you will have your eyes left to weep with." Some weeks afterwards, when his hated soldiers were compelling the citizens to help them to drag a gun, a boy named Batista, aged 17, known afterwards as a great painter, cried out, "Why don't we begin?" and, throwing a stone, killed one of the Austrians. In a few hours Genoa had regained its freedom. And you all remember how David, who must have practised the art, slew Goliath, and so delivered Israel, and became its king.

There is a time and place, therefore, to throw stones, as well as not to throw them. Every boy should practise throwing them, but only he should never do it at bird or beast, still less at boy or girl, or in any place where there is the slightest risk of doing harm to property, unless, of course, there be such a cause for it as God Himself sends and approves.

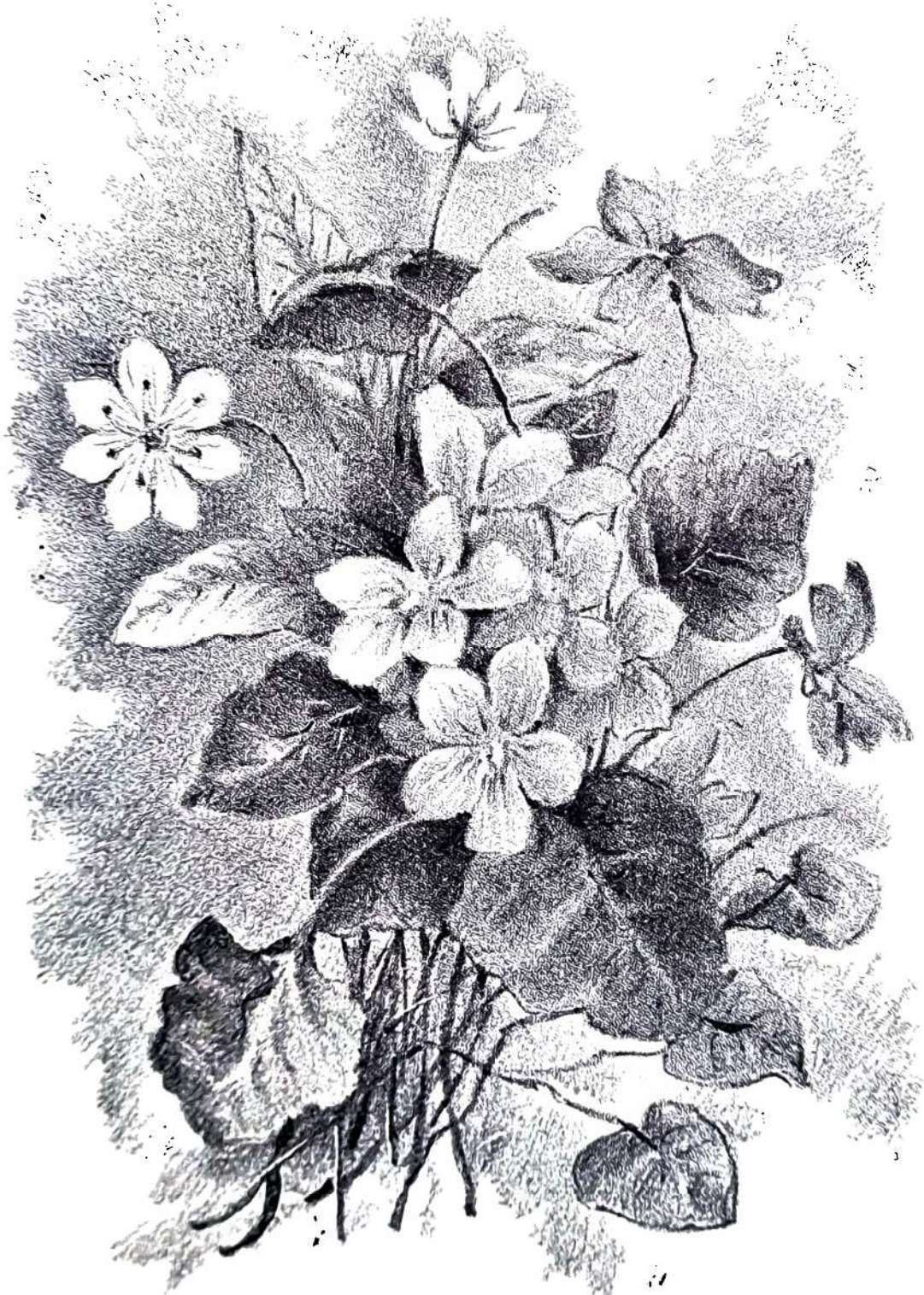


### The Force of Habit.

DURING the American Civil War the Confederates burned the wooden paling that enclosed the grounds of a Mr. Brooks. The next day, General Maury tells us,

the soldiers noticed that every time Mr. Brooks passed between his house and the road, he went up and down the old stone stile which he

had used for forty years, though there was no longer any fence left to keep him from going out or in at any point.



Violets and Grass of Parnassus.



1	F	Behold all the trees ; summer is now nigh at hand.
2	S	So likewise, know ye that the Kingdom of God is at hand.— <i>Luke 21, 30.</i>
3	S	It behoved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren.— <i>Heb. 2, 17.</i> “In 1838 I saw Prince Luitpold, afterwards Prince Regent of Bavaria, standing sentry before a public building in Munich in a common soldier's uniform, it being the rule that even a royal prince must spend at least twenty-four hours in every grade in the army.”— <i>Huyshé's Bulgaria.</i>
4	M	A Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes.— <i>Luke 2, 12. R. V.</i>
5	TU	The Boy Jesus.— <i>Luke 2, 43.</i>
6	W	His sisters, are they not all with us?— <i>Matt. 13, 56.</i>
7	TH	Tempted of the devil.— <i>Luke 4, 2.</i>
8	F	Crucified.— <i>Matt. 28, 5.</i> Buried.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 4.</i> Crowned.— <i>Heb. 2, 9.</i>
9	S	Thomas said unto Him, My Lord, and my God.— <i>John 20, 28.</i>
10	S	Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.— <i>Matt. 11, 29.</i>
11	M	Receive with meekness the implanted word.— <i>James 1, 2. R. V.</i>
12	TU	A time to keep silence.— <i>Eccles. 3, 7.</i> It was a rule in the 52nd Regiment, one of the three finest in the army, that no subaltern under a year's standing should speak, or laugh loudly, at mess.
13	W	Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head.— <i>Lev. 19, 32.</i>
14	TH	Render honour to whom honour is due.— <i>Rom. 13, 7.</i>
15	F	Yea, all of you gird yourselves with humility :
16	S	For God resisteth the proud.— <i>1 Pet. 5, 5. R. V.</i>
17	S	The gifts of God are without repentance.— <i>Rom. 11, 29.</i>
18	M	With their mouth they shew much love,
19	TU	But their heart goeth after their gain.— <i>Ezek. 33, 31. R. V.</i> Admiral Doria, after entertaining Charles V. on board his galley at Genoa, 350 years ago, caused all the silver dishes to be thrown into the sea, as if no one were worthy to use them after the Emperor, but he had put nets in the water beforehand.
20	W	Thou hast lied unto God.— <i>Acts 5, 4.</i>
21	TH	In the day of your fast ye exact all your labours.— <i>Isaiah 58, 3.</i>
22	F	Serve God with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind.— <i>1 Chron. 28, 9.</i>
23	S	Truly I am Thy servant. I will pay my vows.— <i>Psalms 116, 16.</i>
24	S	The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in.— <i>Psalms 121, 8.</i>
25	M	I am a sojourner, as all my fathers were.— <i>Psalms 39, 12.</i>
26	TU	The putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly.— <i>2 Peter 1, 14. R. V.</i>
27	W	Isaac builded an altar there, and pitched his tent there.— <i>Gen. 26, 25.</i>
28	TH	I go to prepare a place for you.— <i>John 14, 2.</i> When a Mr. Templeton of Aberdeen seemed loath, on a fitting day, to leave the house in which all his children had been born, his servant Bettie said, “Come awa', sir, come awa'; the time's up, and the ither hoose is far better than this.”— <i>Dr. Kidd's Memoirs.</i>
29	F	An house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.— <i>2 Cor. 5, 1.</i>
30	S	A pillar in the temple of My God ; and he shall go no more out.— <i>Rev. 3, 12.</i>
31	S	My soul thirsteth for Thee.— <i>Psalms 63, 1.</i> “Sabbath days are well days, when we fill the water-skins.”— <i>Dr. A. Bonar.</i>



June, 1896.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock,*

No. 6.



A Summer Shower.



*Southward it was Ephraim's, and northward it was Manasseh's, and the sea was his border; and they reached to Asher on the north, and to Issachar on the east.—Joshua 17, 10 (R. V.)*

A man told me once that when he was going up the steps of a hotel in Rio de Janeiro, he heard two men talking behind him. Presently one of them said, "Yes, as Logic Bob used to say." "Logic Bob" was the name given by his students to a professor in Glasgow University more than thirty years ago. My friend turned round and said to the man who spoke—"Did you know 'Logic Bob'?" They were strangers to one another, yet that one little thing was a bond of union. No two men in all the world are entitled to treat one another as strangers. The mere fact that they are both *men*, pilgrims crossing each other's path in the desert, should surely of itself give them the right to talk, or at least to wave their hands to one another. But when men do speak, they will generally find that they have more in common than they would have thought. It may be a mutual friend, a favourite book, a similar experience, a common pursuit, or some one touch of nature, but there is always a something that makes us kin. I remember how a Chinaman once laughed at seeing a coolie let a portmanteau fall off his head in Hong Kong, and I laughed too—for it was another man's portmanteau—and even *that* made us friends for the moment.

Even so, the tribes of Israel had each its own separate lot of land, but their lots touched one another

here and there. They had *points of contact* with each other.

We were reading that chapter in Joshua in our church four weeks ago, and we had a very curious illustration that day of what I have been saying. In one part of our church there was a person sitting whose husband's ship had been lost that week in South America, though happily he and all who were with him had been saved. A few seats off there was another whose brother had been lost five days before, with other two hundred and fifty men, near Shanghai. In the gallery there was a lad whose ship had been run down off the Irish coast that day two weeks before. Fifteen souls had been lost in her—the captain's wife and daughter being of the number—and nine only had been saved. In another part of the church there was the mate of one of the tugs that had towed the ship down the channel, and had signalled with their steam horns "Goodbye" as they parted with her outside Ailsa Craig on the Friday before she was sunk. And on the Wednesday evening after that Sabbath, at our prayer meeting, we had the pleasure unexpectedly of being addressed by a missionary in Turkey of the American Reformed Presbyterian Church, whose brother, also a missionary, and a rare scholar, Dr. A. J. Dodds, was lost at sea off the coast of Spain some years ago. Twice he had secured a life-belt for himself; each time he took it off and gave it to two passengers who had none. The two were saved, and he was drowned.

Now, the lots of all these persons were both like and unlike. God shines forth in Ephraim's and Benjamin's and in Manasseh's sight, but each has a different view of His glory.

But I have something stranger still to tell you. Mr. Adam Brown, the lad who was saved when the "Firth of Solway" was run down, had a brother, a teacher, who was drowned on the 12th February, 1890, trying to save one of his pupils, Eliza Wilkie, 12 years of age, who had, with several others, fallen through the ice on Carron Dam, near Falkirk. He and another man had managed to save two other girls; but his strength gave way in trying to save the third. When his body was found the little girl's arms were round his neck.

On the 12th of February, 1895, when Mr. Brown joined the "Firth of Solway" on his first voyage, the mate who received him was a Mr. Thomas Wilkie, who turned out to be Eliza Wilkie's brother! No wonder the lad wrote home that night—"I'm sure of one friend in this boat anyhow."

When the ship set sail for Dunedin, on the 16th April last, Mr. Brown

was picked by the second mate for the starboard watch, but on the Saturday afternoon he was shifted into Mr. Wilkie's watch. When the ships collided at two o'clock on the Sabbath morning, it was the first mate's watch that was on deck. "The ship went down," says Mr. Brown, "almost before we knew it was struck. I was sucked down, the noise of the rushing water being like the roar of thunder. I felt the taste of the salt water, but had no feeling of being wet. I was just beginning to be unconscious when I found myself at the surface. I got hold of a hencoop. I could hear the fowls in it screaming and fluttering. It turned round and round as I gripped it. Then I heard some one ask who that was. I had just enough breath left to say, 'It's me.' 'Give me your hand quick,' was the answer. And then I was hauled over the hencoop on to the top of one of our own boats which was floating bottom up. Then I found out that it was Mr. Wilkie who had saved me!"

Thy way is in the sea, and in  
The waters great Thy path;  
Yet are Thy footsteps hid, O Lord;  
None knowledge thereof hath.

*Adam Brown*

*Late of the "Firth of Solway"*

*Sabbath 19<sup>th</sup> April 1896*

(Note added when this article was in type. On the Wednesday mentioned above there was present a man whose two nephews, though he did not then know it, had been drowned ten days before, Sabbath, 26th April, in Manitoba, crossing a river on their way either to or from a prayer meeting.)



**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

(Continued from page 54.)

At the  
age of  
88

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT died, 9th August, 1883. He and his wife laboured as missionaries in Africa for over fifty years. It was their daughter whom Dr. Livingstone married. When he was a boy, his mother taught him and his brothers and sisters to sew and knit at nights, while she read to them stories about the Moravians and other missionaries. When he first left home as a lad, she made him promise before they parted on the road, that he would read a chapter of the Bible every morning and another every evening, and that promise he faithfully kept in spite of great temptation. During the last few weeks of his life he "seemed to live with the Apostle John."

*Robert Moffat 1795*  
*Morimo o borato = God is love.*

*Facsimile of his writing in the Bechuana language.*

88 DIED MR. LUKE LLOYD, Sabbath, 31st March, 1695. He and his wife lived together for sixty-eight years. He was a good man—"the glory of our little congregation," said Philip Henry, "the top branch in all respects of our small vine, and my friend indeed." When he made his will, he wrote after his signature the text, Job 19, 25, 26, 27—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another."

89 AURUNGZEBE, the greatest of the great Moguls, or Emperors of Delhi in India, died in 1707, in the forty-ninth year of his reign. He was a brave warrior. In one battle, when his cavalry had been defeated, and he had scarce a thousand men, he chained his elephant's legs together to make retreat impossible. But he was a cruel man. He cast his father, the Emperor Shah-Jehan, into prison, and left him there during the last seven years of his life; and he put his own three brothers to death. And as he sowed, so he reaped. He trusted no one. He had a taster to eat before him; his doctor had to swallow an equal portion of every medicine he prepared for him, for he lived in constant fear of poison. "Every torment I have inflicted, every wrong I have done," he said in his old age, "I carry the consequences with me. Strange that I came into the world with nothing, and now I go away with this stupendous caravan of sin." To his son, a little before his death, he said: "Peace be with you and yours. I am grown very old and weak, and my limbs are feeble."

At the  
age of  
89

Many were around me when I was born, but now I am going alone. I know not why I am, or wherefore I came into the world. I have not done well by the country or its people. My years have gone by profitless. Life is transient, and the lost moment never comes back. There is no hope for me in the future. The fever is gone; but only skin and flesh are mine. The army is confounded and without heart or help, even as I am, apart from God, with no rest for the heart. They know not whether they have a king or not. Nothing brought I into this world, but I carry away with me the burden of my sins. I know not what punishments be in store for me to suffer. Come what will, I have launched my bark upon the waters. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"

### Philip Henry,

*"A man who helped as many as he could to heaven."*

**R**EMEMBER, if God spare you to have houses of your own, that they will not be fully furnished till you have a copy of "Matthew Henry," the greatest of English commentators, as Dr. Whyte of Edinburgh, the greatest of Scottish preachers, calls him. You can get it very cheap, and it will show you how interestingly a man can write about the Bible.

But I wish to tell you a little about Matthew Henry's father, for it is two hundred years on the twenty-fourth of this month since he died, and he is a man worth knowing about.

Philip Henry's father was "page of the back stairs" to the man who afterwards became James II., a dangerous, though, of course, not a dishonourable, calling. For there are three callings, says Sir Walter Raleigh, most conducing to courses of wickedness, a soldier's, a sailor's, and a courtier's. His mother was one Magdalene Rochdale. A little before she died she said, "My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven; it is but one step more, and

I shall be there too." Philip was only fourteen then. He sat down at the Lord's table for the first time when he was sixteen. "There had been treaties before, between my soul and Jesus Christ," he says, "but then, then I think it was that the match was made, the knot tied." For the solemn way his schoolmaster, the famous Dr. Busby, dealt with him before his first communion, he never ceased giving God thanks. Mr. Henry used often to apply to religion the common saying, "He that would thrive must rise at five."

He became a minister when he was twenty-six. Three years afterwards, he married. The day before his marriage he spent in prayer and fasting, and therefore each recurring anniversary was a day of thanksgiving. In his diary, April 26, 1680, he wrote, "This day we have been married twenty years, in which time we have received of the Lord more than twenty thousand mercies." Twenty thousand! Now that he can count properly, I am sure he would say "twenty thousand thousand." He and his wife constantly prayed together, morning and evening, all their days. At family worship, immediately after prayer



was ended, his children used to ask, on bended knee, their father's and their mother's blessing; "which blessing," says his son, "was given with great solemnity and affection; and if any of them were absent, they were remembered thus, 'The Lord bless you and your brother, or you and your sister, that is absent.'" And what he did for his own children, he did for his servants and any stranger that was under his roof, striving for their souls as one that had to give account.

He was the author of many wise and witty sayings that are in common use to this day. It was he, you may remember, who said to the woman who professed to be converted, when he saw her untidy house, "Is there no fear of God in this place?" There was another woman who came to him with a long story—which he patiently heard—about the unkindness of her husband, and when she said, "What would you have me do now, Sir?" he answered, "Why, truly, I would have you to go home and be a better wife to him, and then you will find that he will be a better husband to you." Yet, I think he would have been wiser if he had added—"if the Lord will." When he parted with people, he usually prayed that "their next meeting might be either in heaven, or further on in their way towards it."

Now, I shall give you four arguments against sinning, which he turned, for memory's sake, into four *ruċe* lines, and then I shall tell you the form of covenant with God which he wrote for the use of his children.

Here are the lines :

"Is this thy kindness to thy friend ?  
It will be bitter in the end.  
The vows of God upon me lie.  
Should such a man as I am fly?"

And this is the covenant : "I take God the Father to be my chiefest good and highest end. I take God the Son to be my Prince and Saviour. I take God the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide, and Comforter. I take the Word of God to be my rule in all my actions. I take the people of God to be my people in all my conditions. I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord my whole self, all I am, all I have, and all I can do. And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever. Amen."

On Sabbath, June 21, he preached his last sermon, from the words in 2 Peter 1, 5—"Add to your faith virtue." This virtue he described as courage, and the last thing he mentioned in which Christians have need of courage is in dying : "for it is a serious thing to die, and to die is a work by itself." On the Tuesday, he rose as usual at six, and conducted family worship between seven and eight, singing the first part of the 104th Psalm. Then he turned ill. His sufferings, rising apparently from some kind of inflammation, were very great. "I am tormented," he said, adding, "but, blessed be God, *not in this flame.*" He died on the Wednesday, after leaving a blessing to his children and his children's children, and giving his wife thanks for all her love, and care, and tenderness.





**U**P in the hills behind our town, some months ago, I fell in with a little girl who was playing at a cottage door. She came for-

ward and took my hand, and we walked together a little distance down by the loch side. Then, all in a moment, she took her hand



out of mine, and stood still, and said, "Oh, I forgot! Mother said I wasn't to go near the water beyond a certain mark." "And where is the mark?" I asked. "That's it!" she said, drawing a line with her toe there and then, right in front of herself, "and I must run away back."

Now, I think that is the way we ought all to do when we have sinned. The devil says, "In for a penny, in for a pound. When you have gone over the score, you may just as well go the whole length." But by God's grace you and I must say, "Not another step. Here and now, this instant, I will arise and go to my Father." "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not."

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*Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.—Prov. 27, 17.*

**F**ORTY years ago seven young English painters formed themselves into a brotherhood, and were known as the St. John's Wood Set. Their leader was Mr. Philip Calderon, afterwards Keeper of the Royal Academy in London; and this is the way in which he described the aims they were to keep in view: "We have all of us now to work together and do our very best, not caring who is first or last, but helping each other, so that all may come out strong. The better each man's picture, the better for all." Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, who tells the story in his *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, adds that six of the seven

were afterwards Royal Academicians, and all of them came to honour.

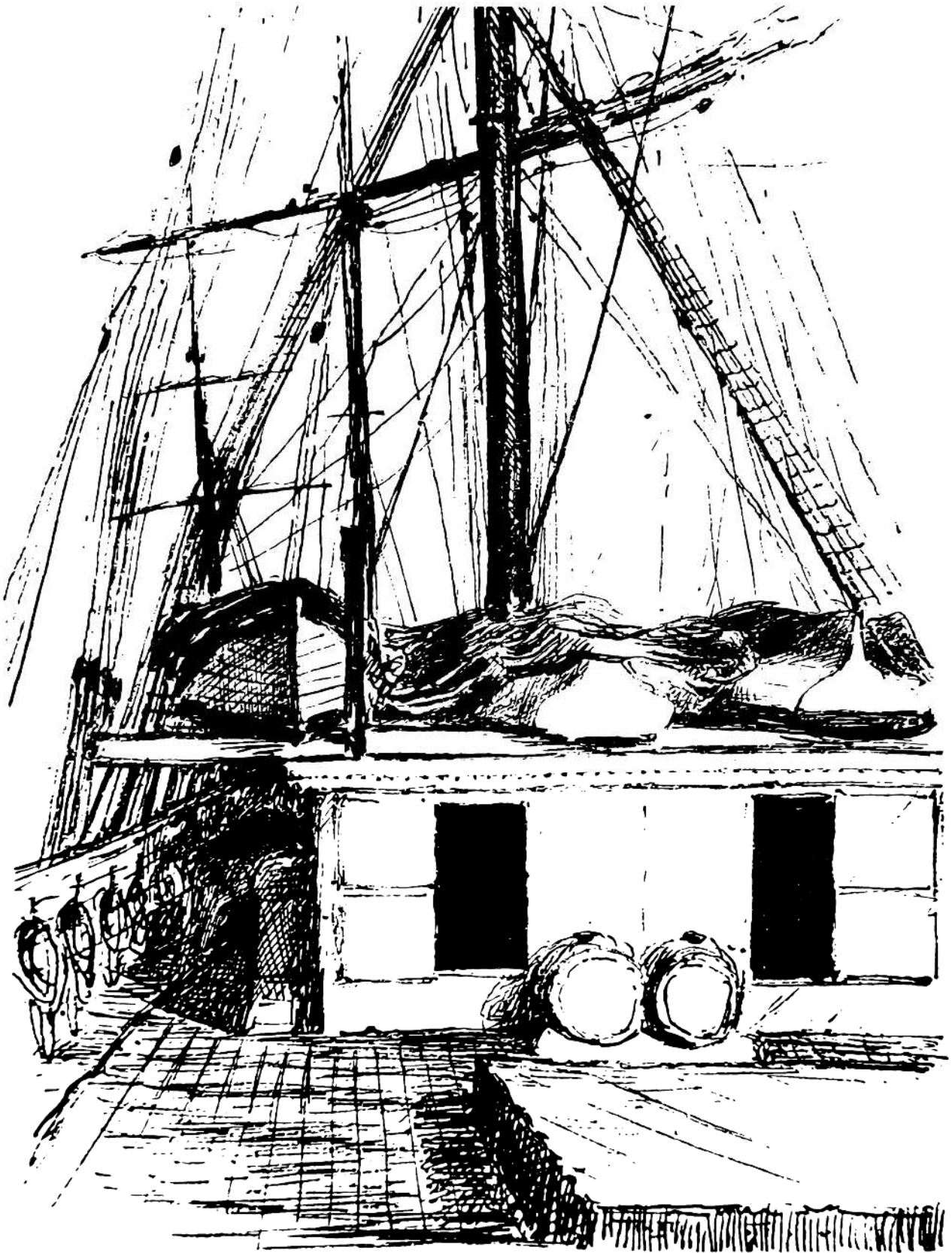
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## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

No. 6.

*A man who was "a night and a day in the deep"*

**I** WAS telling you what we did when there was a man in the water. In a strong breeze, running before the wind, it would take, say, five minutes to stop the ship and have her hove to with her head to the wind. You see the sails have to be lowered before we can turn the ship, otherwise we would run the risk of losing the masts; they would snap with the sudden strain. The ship could hardly be stopped in less than five minutes; then when it is stopped, her position is altered, and that is one reason why we send a man up to the cross-trees at the topmast-head to keep his eye fixed on the man, or on the life-buoy and the empty barrel or hencoop that are always instantly thrown overboard to mark the place, as well as for the man to cling to. There are some times, of course, when it may take twenty minutes or half-an-hour before we get a boat launched; and there are others, as every sailor knows, when, owing to the weather, all we can do is just to look at the poor fellow and let him go. But if there is the very slightest chance of doing anything, no British sailor will ever refuse to do it. The



question of deciding whether anything can be done or not is often one of the most terrible burdens a captain has to bear.

According to recent regulations there should always be a boat ready for instant launching, with water-breakers full of water. I hear, too,



that in some of them there is even food kept ready, changed regularly ; at anyrate there should always be food kept so near at hand that it can be got in a moment. Now, look at the boats in that picture. You can easily see that it would take some time to get them into the water.

Sometimes a man is saved, but the shock kills him. There was a ship-chandler in Liverpool who died that way about ten years ago. He had been on the bridge with the captain, and then suddenly disappeared. He had fallen through an open gangway, and presently they saw him in the water. The steamer stopped and backed at once, for, of course, a steamer can do things a sailing ship can't. They launched a boat, and, though the man couldn't swim, they got him before he finally sank. But he died shortly after they got him on board.

I remember an interesting thing that happened at sea twenty-one years ago. A man went out on a jibboom, or rather what sailors call a whisker—it goes out from the forepart of the forecastle head—to hang his oilskin up. He missed his hold and fell overboard. A buoy was thrown to him, and the ship at once hove to, and a boat lowered, but the man could not be seen. After cruising about for a number of hours the ship kept on her way again. It appeared afterwards that the man had got hold of the life-buoy and had seen the ship's boat very close to him though they didn't see him.

But about noon next day, Captain Young, of the Greenock ship *Norval*,

on going on the poop a little before noon to take the sun, happened to look round and saw a man in the water swimming towards the ship. The ship was hove to, a boat lowered, and the man brought on board. When he told his story he was scarcely believed. The man had thrown away the life-buoy because he saw that, if he kept it, he couldn't fetch the ship as it would keep him back. And he had put off all his clothes too. When he stepped on board, he had been a whole day and night in the water. It happened in the nor'-east trade winds, off Cape Verde on the African Coast. There was one thing in his favour ; the water was warm, but there were plenty of sharks about, no doubt.

But what I specially wished to tell you was this. When the poor man came on board, naked as he was, before he said a word, the first thing he did was to fall on his knees at the captain's feet and clutch his legs, and give thanks to God.



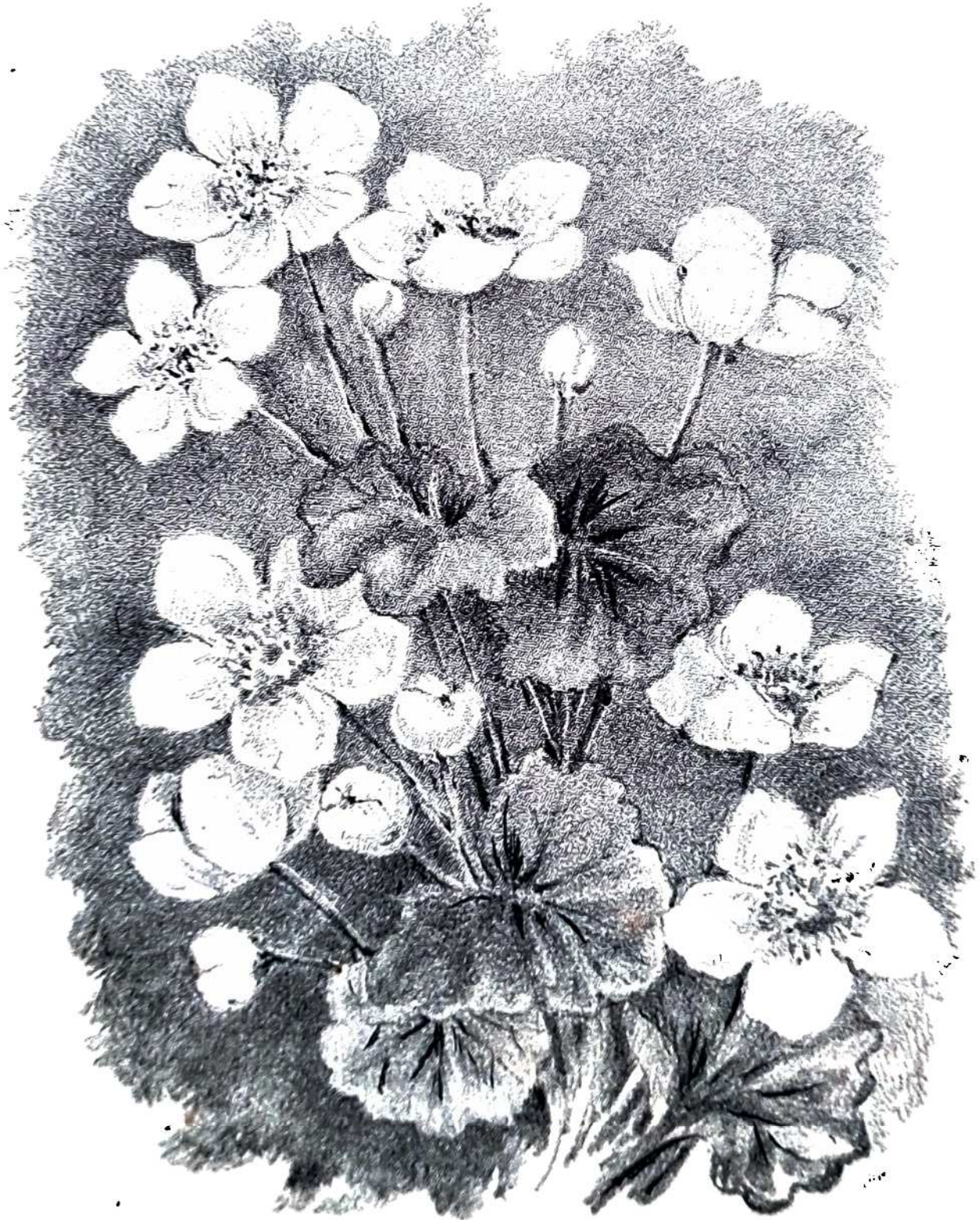
*Them that honour Me I will honour.—*  
*1 Sam. 2, 30.*

**C**APTAIN William Locker, R.N., who died Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1800, was a fine example of a true old English officer. He was a brave seaman, and had the honour of training many famous admirals, amongst them Lord Nelson himself. He was a man, too, who feared God exceedingly. Once, it was well known in the navy, he had solemnly rebuked Prince William, the son of George III., for swearing.



Thirty-three years after he was dead, says the late Mr Frederick Locker-Lampson, Prince William, then King William IV., when visiting

Greenwich Hospital, stopped opposite Captain Locker's portrait and said to Queen Adelaide, "There's the best man I ever knew."



**Marsh-Marigold.**



1	M	Steadfast, unmoveable.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 58.</i> "As long as a Sikh was on sentry, Captain Townshend had nothing to fear. The enemy would never catch a Sikh off his guard, and could never force their way through a post of Sikhs while it remained alive."— <i>Younghusband's Siege of Chitral.</i>
3	TU	How say ye to my soul, Flee?— <i>Ps. 11, 1.</i>
2	W	The Lord your God, He shall fight for you.— <i>Deut. 1, 30.</i>
4	TH	The devils tremble.— <i>James 2, 19.</i>
5	F	Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy :
6	S	When I fall, I shall arise.— <i>Micah 7, 8.</i>
7	S	O Lord God, Thou art my trust from my youth.
8	M	My praise shall continually be of Thee.
9	TU	Forsake me not when my strength faileth.
10	W	I will yet hope continually,
11	TH	And will yet praise Thee more and more.
12	F	O God, who is like unto Thee ?
13	S	My tongue shall talk of Thy righteousness all the day long.— <i>Ps. 71.</i> The mother of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen kept a diary for over sixty years, never missing a day.
14	S	Ye have not received the spirit of bondage ;
15	M	But ye have received the spirit of adoption,
16	TU	Whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Whenever Frederick the Great, speaking of his predecessor, said "My father," there was a tone in his voice which all observers noted.
17	W	The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit,
18	TH	That we are the children of God. "Once, in the darkness of a forest in Tasmania, I overheard Sir John Franklin's devotions before he lay down on his bed of ferns. Forgetful, apparently, of anyone's presence, for he was somewhat deaf—his hearing had suffered from the cannonading at Trafalgar, when 300 men were killed on board his ship—he spoke aloud and softly at the Throne of Grace ; and his prayers were those of a child."— <i>Mr. Gell in Traill's Life of Franklin.</i>
19	F	And if children, then heirs ;
20	S	Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.— <i>Rom. 8, 15.</i>
21	S	We shall all be changed,
22	M	In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump :
23	TU	For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.
24	W	O death, where is thy——. The last words of Philip Henry, who died between twelve and one o'clock on the morning of this day 200 years ago.
25	TH	O grave, where is thy victory ?
26	F	The sting of death is sin.
27	S	But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 51.</i> "Victory! Victory! Victory!"—Ralph Erskine's last words, 6th November, 1752.
28	S	For this God is our God for ever and ever.— <i>Ps. 48, 14.</i>
29	M	He will be our guide
30	TU	Even unto death. "I have looked down into the great abyss," said Sir Bartle Frere when dying, 29th May, 1884, to Sir W. Mackinnon, "and God has never left me through it all."

August, 1895.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 8.



"Good Dog, Over!"



### Our Bodies.

*And he made boards for the tabernacle. The length of a board was ten cubits, and the breadth of a board one cubit and a half. One board had two tenons, equally distant one from another. And forty sockets of silver he made under the twenty boards; two sockets under one board for his two tenons, and two sockets under another board for his two tenons.—Ex. 26, 15; and 36, 20.*

**T**WO years ago an elderly gentleman, a very busy man, whom I met casually, insisted on showing me over a new house he had built on his estate. He went with me upstairs and downstairs; through corridors that seemed endless; on to the roof, and up the tower; he even closed the shutters in several of the rooms to show me how the electric light worked. It was evident that he was proud of his house.

In like manner God wishes us to walk with Him about Zion, and go round about her, to tell the towers thereof, to mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces; for it is the place where His honour dwelleth. He is never weary of speaking about His house, and that is why He went over every board and curtain and loop and ouch, or socket, and tache, or clasp, with Moses, and why He goes over them again with great delight with every one who reads these chapters in His fear.

But these particulars should interest us also because the tabernacle in the wilderness was a type of our own bodies. Peter and Paul both speak of our bodies as tabernacles, dwelling places not only for our souls and spirits, but, for the Father and the Son and the Holy

Ghost. The tent of meeting was nothing if God was not in it, and if we are without God, we are without hope.

The tent and all its belongings were made after a pattern in the heavens; so we are to be made conformable to the image of Him Who is both the Son of God and the Son of Man.

We, like the tabernacle and all the vessels of the ministry, need first of all to be sprinkled with blood, the blood of the Lamb of God.

The men and women who made the tent were filled with the Spirit of God to devise curious or cunning works; so we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Every part of the tabernacle is minutely described in the Bible; so all our members were written in His book.—*Psalm 139, 15.*

There were parts of the tabernacle open to every Israelite, but there was one place reserved for God and the High Priest. Even so there are points in our lives at which we must say to every one but God—Stand thou here, while I go yonder and worship. There are things in every heart with which no stranger dare intermeddle.

There was a cloud over the tent by day and fire by night. We, too, dwell under the shadow of Him That is the Almighty; and according to our need and the time of day God is both a sun and a shield.

The tent was guarded by the Levites, and God's holy ones have charge concerning us.

It journeyed only at God's bidding. "Thou tellest my wanderings."

O Lord, Thou hast me searched and known.

Thou knowest my sitting down  
And rising up ; yea, all my thoughts  
Afar to Thee are known.

The tent was meant to be taken down ; so must the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved.

Yet it had to be taken down reverently, its several parts covered with cloths of blue, and all carried by holy men. In our last illnesses we, too, are tended by loving hands ; devout men carry our bodies to the

grave, while angels carry our souls into Abraham's bosom, and God Himself keepeth all our bones ;

And from our ashes may be made  
The violet of our native land.

And as the tabernacle gave place to the temple, so we shall be raised in glory. "And it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be LIKE HIM," "Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory."

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

(Continued from page 76.)

At the  
age of

90

SARAH got her son Isaac from God.

"I go and sit now and then with Dr. JACOB BIGELOW. He is now close upon ninety years old, stone-blind, utterly helpless, and bed-ridden. Would you believe it? He is one of the most cheerful, lively, serenely tranquil persons I ever met."—*Dr. Oliver W. Holmes to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, 3rd March, 1876.*

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SIGNOR CESARE CANTU, historian, died at Milan, on the 12th March a year ago. He was one of that band of heroes who delivered Italy from the hateful yoke of Austria. He was put in prison for his opinions in his youth, and whilst there wrote a book with soot for ink and a toothpick for a pen.

90

When the Confederates entered Fredericktown during the American Civil War, the inhabitants hauled down the Union flag, the "Stars and Stripes."

Up rose old BARBARA FRIETCHIE then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;  
Bravest of all in Fredericktown  
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;  
In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

The Rebels having fired at it and broken the staff, she replaced it, and,

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said,

The Rebels, needless to say, passed on in reverent silence.





WHEN that woman was a servant—and there is no more honourable calling—she looked like a lady in her white and blue striped wrapper. But she married, knowingly, against the entreaties of her master and mistress and all her friends, a man who took drink.

And no one would recognise her now. Her face is never clean, and her hair, which should be her glory, is always in disorder, and her house is anything but a home. Often, when I pass her door, I see her standing at her stair foot so untidy, or leaning out of her window with



folded arms, which somehow do not become a woman in her youth, and her little daughter, I grieve to say, is becoming dreadfully like her. Yet she still seems to like to have a flower or two, and may be by God's blessing that flower may bring her back to herself and to her Father in heaven.

**M**OST people called him "Rover," but his name was "Over," a name given to him on the cricket field one day on his being knocked head over heels when he was a very little dog indeed. "You bowled an over in a single ball," was the jest one of the players made, and as wit was a scarce commodity with us, we were thankful for anything that had the semblance of it. So the story was told and re-told, and the name "Over" stuck, and the poor dog soon got to know it.

He was a good dog, so good that I never looked at him without thinking of the question in the famous picture—Do doggies go to heaven?

I think he was the most obedient dog I ever saw. No order needed to be given twice. The boy of whom that could be said would be made for life. Over never missed family worship, night or morning; it seemed to grieve him that he could not sing. Yet he had his favourite tunes. He liked the quick cheery ones. Once, on a summer day, when the family were starting early for a pic-nic, the singing was omitted, but Over made so much noise that they felt reproved and

sang after the prayer. On Sabbaths he never crossed the door; but there was such a piteous look in his eyes that, if it hadn't been for fear of some people who behaved in church, and out of it, far worse than the poor dog would ever have done, his master would have taken him regularly with him.


Over was a good judge of character. With every decent message boy and girl he made friends at once.

Yes, he once bit a boy, and quite right too. The boy was an impudent scamp of fourteen, small for his years but strong. He loved to fight boys taller than himself, provided they were younger. So, one day, he attacked a quiet, lovable boy. A crowd had gathered round, and a man, who said he liked to see a boy with pluck in him, was crying out, "Go it, the little un; well done, give him another!" when Over appeared, and then disappeared, and the next moment gripped the little bully by the leg. I am only sorry he didn't grip the man too, but maybe his turn will come, and I shall not be sorry if I am there to see!

### Rev. Daniel Burgess.

**M**R. Burgess was born in 1645, and died in London in 1713. His father gave up a living of £400 a year for conscience sake, being one of those many hundreds of ministers who were driven out of the Church of England in the reign of Charles II., in 1662, by the Romanising "Act of Uniformity."



 Do Sincerely and Solemnly give up my self  
(my whole self, unto God, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ; De-  
pending upon the Promises, and Consenting unto the Demands of  
his Gospel Covenant. Resolving thro' the Aids of his Holy Spirit, all  
my Days, to be for him, and not for Another.

(Do give up my self unto the God, who is one  
God in Three Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit, as the God and Lord  
whom I will Labour ever to serve, and as the portion whom I will  
ever seek to Enjoy.

God Commit my Self and Submit me unto the  
Lord Jesus Christ, as my Prophet, my Priest, & my King. Giving my self  
to Learn his Doctrines, to Trust in his Merits, to Obey his Precepts,  
and to Follow his Example; but not in my own strength, but with  
Dependence on the Holy Ghost the Great Officer in Christs Kingdom,  
to Teach me, to be my Remembrancer, to Quicken me, to Strengthen  
me, to Comfort me, and when I Fall, to Restore my soul.

14th of May: 1704.

*Dan Burgess*

I do sincerely and solemnly give up myself, my whole self, unto God, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ; Relying upon the Promises, and Consenting unto the Demands of his Gospel Covenant. Resolving through the aids of his Holy Spirit, all my Days, to be for him, and not for another.

I do give up myself unto the God, who is one God in Three Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit, as the God and Lord whom I will labour ever to Serve, and as the portion whom I will ever seek to Enjoy.

I do Commit myself and Submit me unto the Lord Jesus Christ, as my Prophet, my Priest, and my King. Giving myself to Learn his Doctrines, to Trust in his merits, to Obey his Precepts, and to Follow his Example; but not in my own strength, but with Dependence on the Holy Ghost, the Great Officer in Christ's Kingdom, to Teach me, to be my Remembrancer, to Quicken me, to Strengthen me, to Comfort me, and when I Fall, to Restore my soul.

DAN. BURGESS.

14th: of May: 1704.



Mr. Burgess was himself a minister, and was famous in his day for his wise use of humour. He was quite willing, he once said, to go out of the common way to meet with sinners, to persuade them to return to their God, "that being the best key which fits the lock and opens the door, though it be neither a silver nor a golden one."

He had his trials and dark hours, too; one of his letters, which Matthew Henry, who was his friend, once saw, had no signature but "*Dust and Ashes.*" Mr. Burgess was one of the brave men who were sent to prison and lodged all night in the common gaol for preaching Christ. He had many cruel enemies, but what they did, to use his own words in one of his private papers, "I never expressed to any friend save Emmanuel. But it must and shall be said," so he goes on, "to the praise of new covenant grace, of never-failing grace, all my nights are not sleepless, all days are not restless, every friend is not found faithless, nor are all enemies found useless; all disturbed studies are not tasteless; all the disadvantageous sermons have not proved fruitless; all the various troubles have not been comfortless, nor the comforts mixed with them successful."

There were four props on which he leaned that he found firm:—1. The incarnation of Christ, and His taking our nature upon Him; 2. His once offering up of Himself for our sins; 3. His resurrection from the dead for our justification; 4. The intercession which He ever lives to make for all that come to God by Him.

## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

No. 8.—*The 28th December, 1879.*

*For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind.*—Ps. 107, 25.

THE P. & O. s.s. Mirzapore had been in the hands of her builders, the Messrs. Caird & Co., Greenock, getting her engines repaired and new boilers put in. Being suddenly called on to send her to London to take the place of another vessel, belonging to the same company, that was advertised to start for India and had broken down, her overseer at Greenock was unable to get as much ballast on board of her as he would otherwise have done. I remonstrated with him, told him I did not think the ship was safe going away so light at that time of year. But all he said was, "if you are afraid to go, I must get somebody else." "Afraid is a word," I replied, "that you never need to use so far as I am concerned. If anybody can take her round to London, I can." "Well then," he said, "help me out of my difficulty as much as you can." "All right, I'll stick to you through thick and thin. I'm prepared to go whenever you wish me."

We were well supplied with coal and had nothing to fear in that respect. We got under weigh as soon as the tide permitted, and proceeded down channel. The last word the overlooker said to me was, "Get her round as quick as you can." It was blowing and raining, and there were all the indications of a heavy gale of wind coming very

soon. We secured whatever was loose about decks, and were satisfied that everything was done as far as we could see. Going down the St. George's Channel we took the Irish side for the sake of smooth water. When we got as far as between the Tuscar and the Smalls, into the wide stretch between Cork and Milford, we began to be exposed to the full force of the gale. We stood across to the Longships, that is, the extreme point of land in Cornwall looking towards the Scilly Isles. About eleven o'clock that night—it was that ever-memorable night when the Tay Bridge was blown down—the gale seemed to be at its height. When we picked up, or sighted, the Longships light, the sea was striking the rock and rebounding over the lighthouse top so that it looked like a revolving light, and for some time we were in doubt whether it really was that particular light or not. We persevered, and after a while got the lighthouse on the lee beam, that is, we were abreast of it. That was about one in the morning. The gale was so strong that for over an hour we never altered the bearings of the light one degree, but went sagging down to leeward, that is, we were drifting down towards it. To strike the rock meant, of course, instant destruction. Captain Parish, the commander of the *Mirzapore*, a fine seaman, remained on deck with me all the time. "Well," he said to me at last, "in half-an-hour we'll know the grand secret." "We have more mischief to do yet," I replied;

"remember, this boat was built and engined in Greenock. I know we can trust our lives, under God, to every bolt on board of her." Oh, it's fine, in time of peril, to know that you can trust a man's workmanship! Then I advised the captain to see if he could get any of his stewards to hunt up a cup of coffee for himself and me. "I'll be with you," he said, "in five minutes." But no coffee could be got, for it was impossible to get a fire to burn. From the time we left Tuscar, for many hours, we were kept drenched to the skin, the green sea pouring over us in big lumps. If she hadn't been a noble ship, with an excellent crew, I shouldn't have been here to tell the tale.

Next I sent for the engineer. "Well, engineer, how is the machinery doing?"

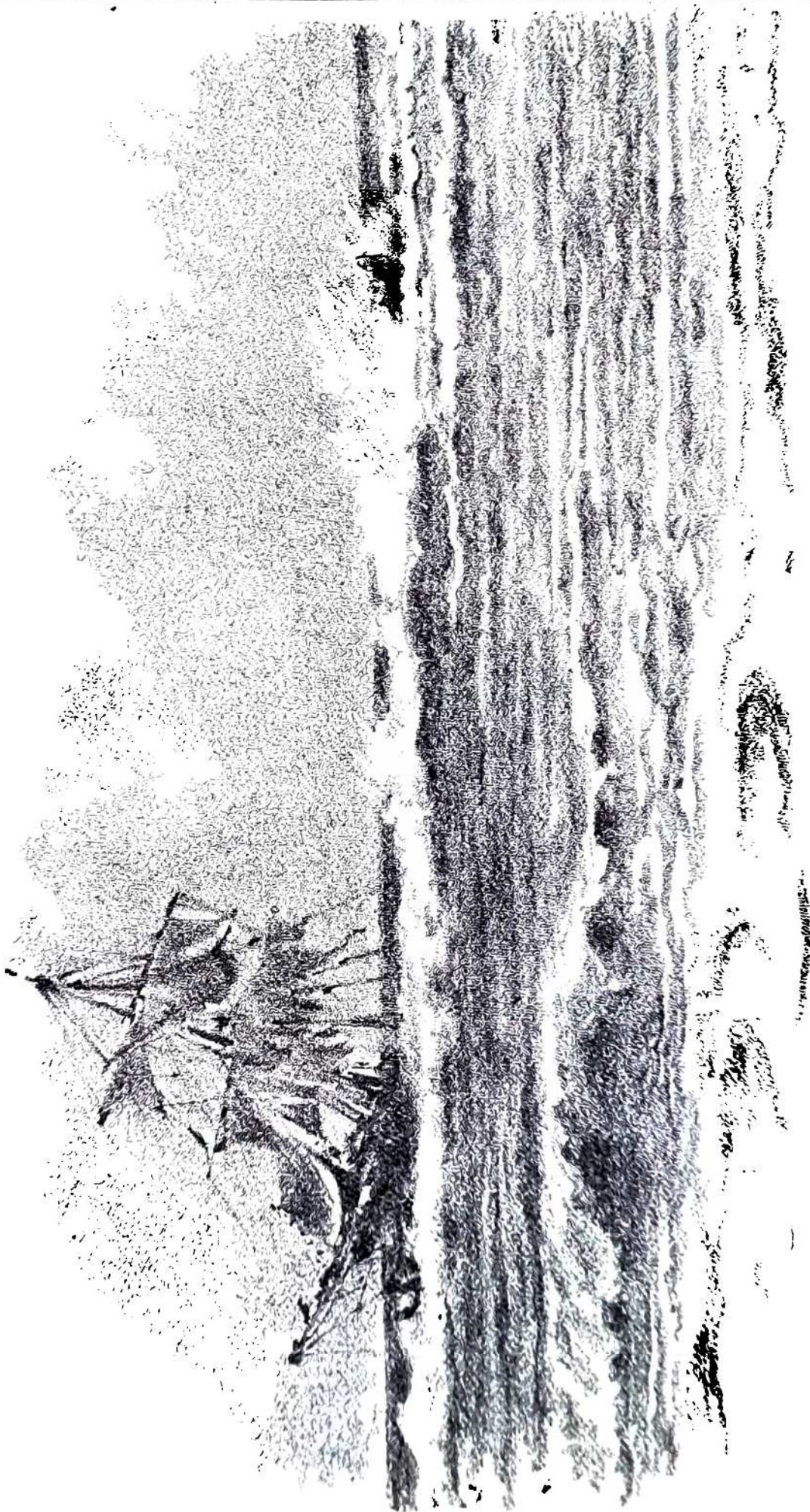
"Everything is doing first-rate."

"Now, engineer, will you do me a favour? and I'll do something for you some time again; if it is in my power, I will."

"It's hard work," he said, "to keep one's feet downstairs, everything is so greasy and slippery, with oil-cans capsizing and tumbling backwards and forwards."

"If you can give us five or six revolutions more in the minute with safety, do it, and we'll soon get round the corner. A mile more and we shall be clear of the Ronaldstone," that is, a sunken rock on the other side, about three miles south of Cornwall, that one must give a clear berth to if one is to keep away up channel. I didn't





*"Many a gallant ship and many a brave man was lost in that storm."*

feel inclined to tell him that if he couldn't do it, then——

Meantime the ship was drifting broadside on towards the rocks, the wind having enormous power over her owing to her lightness and the height of her sides out of the water. There was nothing but death staring us in the face.

The engineer wasn't five minutes gone till we found the engines going as much quicker as we wished, and in a short time we were round the point. He was an excellent engineer, and worthy of all praise. Oh, what a load went off my shoulders when we found the light going astern, and room sufficient to keep the ship away before the gale!

Then the manly pluck of the captain and the Coolie crew was seen to perfection. Though it was piercing cold, the serang, or boatswain, had them on deck ready for anything. They had been kept in shelter, of course, as much as possible. "Now, captain," I said, "if I had a Greenock crew of my own picking, I would have that foretopsail close-reefed and set in twenty minutes."

"I can do as much with my Coolies as you could do with your Greenock crew," was his answer.

"I would like to see that sail, then, close-reefed and set."

Then the captain gave them, in their own language, a few directions, and to my pleasure and surprise I found the foretopsail loosed and set as quickly as anyone could possibly have expected it under the circumstances. So we went into the English Channel with a rattling fair breeze, and got

nicely dried on the bridge with a strong west-nor'-west gale, and were in due course soon at the mouth of the Thames. It was blowing so hard that we couldn't send a message ashore at Gravesend to the owners. When we got up to the Royal Albert Dock, the captain asked me to go up to the P. & O. offices as quickly as I could and let them know of our safe arrival. He himself wished to see her safely docked before he would leave her. I caught the train, reached the office, and was instantly shown into a room, where I found some of the directors and officials negotiating with a shipowner about chartering a vessel to take the Mirzapore's place. The overlooker at Greenock had telegraphed that he was afraid we could not be round in time. Privately, he told me afterwards, he never expected to see either me or the ship again. The shipowner turned to me and said, "I wish you had stayed out five minutes longer, and I should have had my ship chartered, and that would have been money in my pocket!"

Yes, that was a wild night. Many a gallant ship and many a brave man was lost in that storm. For five or six hours it seemed to blow as if it could not have blown harder; and yet one has no right to say that. We must not set any limit to the power of Almighty God.

Did I have any sleep during the voyage to London? No; for three days and three nights sleep was never thought of. And the Mirzapore? She is still running to the East, and is a fine ship yet.



1	S	Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.— <i>Gal. 6, 7.</i>
2	S	Never man so spake.— <i>John 7, 46</i> (R.V.).
3	M	And the Word was God.— <i>John 1, 1.</i>
4	TU	I am a man of unclean lips.— <i>Isaiah 6, 5.</i>
5	W	By thy words thou shalt be condemned.— <i>Matt. 12, 37.</i>
6	TH	Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaketh.— <i>Luke 6, 45.</i> “The word that floats on the surface is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden.”
7	F	Create in me a clean heart, O God.— <i>Psalms 51, 10.</i>
8	S	I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.— <i>Psalms 17, 3.</i>
9	S	Is your father yet alive?— <i>Gen. 43, 7.</i>
10	M	We have a father, an old man.— <i>Gen. 44, 20.</i>
11	TU	Honour thy father.— <i>Ex. 20, 12.</i> When “Rob Roy” Macgregor was in Holland with his canoe, a man begged him one day to delay his start for five minutes that he might have time to fetch his father, who was bedridden.
12	W	Children’s children are the crown of old men,
13	TH	And the glory of children are their fathers.— <i>Prov. 17, 6.</i>
14	F	Let them learn to requite their parents.— <i>1 Tim. 5, 4.</i>
15	S	O Thou God of my fathers.— <i>Dan. 2, 23.</i>
16	S	Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.— <i>Psalms 24, 7.</i>
17	M	The glorious gospel.— <i>1 Tim. 1, 11.</i> The gospel of the glory of the blessed God (R.V.). τὸ εὐαγγέλιον τῆς δόξης, to euangelion tes doxes.
18	TU	The glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father.— <i>John 1, 14.</i>
19	W	Glorious in holiness.— <i>Ex. 15, 11.</i>
20	TH	Shew me Thy glory. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The LORD, the LORD God, merciful and gracious.— <i>Ex. 33, 18; 34, 7.</i>
21	F	That the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in you.— <i>2 Thess. 1, 12.</i>
22	S	God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.— <i>Gal. 6, 14.</i>
23	S	Have ye a brother?— <i>Gen. 44, 19.</i>
24	M	Where is thy brother?— <i>Gen. 4, 9.</i> “A Samoan brought in a head in great glory : they washed the black paint off, and, behold, it was his brother. When I last heard, he was sitting in his house with the head upon his lap, and weeping.”— <i>R. L. Stevenson’s Vailima Letters.</i>
25	TU	The voice of thy brother’s blood calleth unto me from the ground.
26	W	Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.— <i>Psalms 133, 1.</i>
27	TH	Why dost thou set at nought thy brother?— <i>Rom. 14, 10.</i>
28	F	Thy brother shall rise again.— <i>John 11, 23.</i>
29	S	After that, He was seen of James.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 7.</i>
30	S	Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.— <i>James 4, 14.</i>
31	M	The Lord knoweth the days of the upright.— <i>Psalms 37, 18.</i> “Philip Henry would often beg of God at family worship to fit us for the next Providence, whatever it might be.”

September, 1896.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 9.



*July 28<sup>th</sup>  
1875.*

*Ch: Wren*

Sir Christopher Wren.



### Bugler Luke White.

*How say ye to my soul, Flee?—Psalm 11, 1.*

*Resist the Devil, and he will flee.—James 4, 7.*

**E**ARLY in the morning of the 23rd July, 1839, when the British army was encamped under the citadel of Ghazni, a strongly fortified town in Afghanistan, some sappers, creeping forward, laid and fired powder-bags against the Cabul Gate. As the powder exploded, the huge gate was blown to pieces, and the walls fell inwards. One of the sappers ran back to the assaulting column, the 13th Light Infantry, which was standing ready, and reported, that as the gateway was choked with fallen masonry, it would be a mistake if the forlorn hope were to go on. The officer in command, on hearing this, ordered Bugler Luke White to sound the "Retire." "The 13th don't know it," he answered, and blew the "Advance" instead. The battalion moved on, rushed through the smoke and flames, and after half-an-hour's fighting carried the fortress.



*One sinner destroyeth much good.—  
Eccles. 9, 18.*

*Forget not to shew love unto strangers, for  
thereby some have entertained angels  
unawares.—Hebrews 13, 2. R.V.*

**S**OME time ago I asked a booking-clerk at one of our railway stations, who had some difficulty in getting change for me, if he would have trusted me with a ticket if I had had no money on me. "I might trust a person whom I know," he answered, smiling, "but I would not trust a stranger."

"No stranger?"

"No. I have been cheated too often. People come to the window saying they have lost their tickets, or their purses, or they have left their money in another coat; or women have been parted from their husbands in a crowd on the quay; and they all promise faithfully to send the money, and, I suppose, most of them really mean to do it, but they forget, and then, of course, the money has to come out of my pocket. No; I trust nobody I don't know. I have even given a lady a first-class ticket, and when I wrote a few days afterwards for the money, my letter was returned marked, "Not found."

"Did you never get the price of a ticket back?"

"Oh, yes; but very seldom. I remember one case in particular. I once lent a Highland servant girl five-and-sixpence to help to take her into Dumfriesshire. Her boat had been delayed by a storm, and landing in our town very late on Saturday night, she had been compelled to take lodgings till the Monday, and so had run short of money."

"And she sent it back, did she?"

"Yes; two weeks after, and with the money a pair of blue worsted socks which she had knitted for me!"



**G**IVE me the lowest place: or if  
for me

That lowest place too high, make  
one more low

Where I may sit and see

My God and love Thee so.

—Christina Rossetti.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*(Continued from page 87.)*

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DIOGENES died at Corinth, B.C., 323, about eighty or ninety years, perhaps, after the time of the prophet Malachi. He was one of the philosophers called Cynics—after the Greek word for a dog—from their snappish, snarling ways. He was born at Sinope in Asiatic Turkey, but left it, owing to the conviction of his father on a charge of adulterating coin, and went to Athens. There he fell in with Antisthenes, a philosopher who taught that virtue consisted in denying oneself every kind of pleasure. It was to him that Socrates once gave the reproof, "I see your pride, Antisthenes, through the holes in your cloak." When Diogenes asked to be allowed to follow him as his disciple, Antisthenes refused, and even beat him with a stick, but Diogenes would take no denial and was at last accepted. The pupil soon became more self-denying than the master. He tried to inure himself to all kinds of weather by rolling in the sand in summer-time and embracing the statues in winter when they were covered with snow. He wore the simplest kind of dress and ate the plainest food, giving up one superfluity after another till all he had consisted of a bowl, a cloak, and a wallet. He flung even the bowl away one day after seeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand. He took up his quarters, the story goes, in an earthenware tub belonging to one of the temples; and a boy—this, at least, we can believe—broke the tub out of mischievousness. On his way to Aegina, Diogenes was captured by pirates. When they were selling him for a slave, he was asked if there was anything he could do. "I can rule men," was his answer, "and I would like to be sold to a man who wishes to have a master." One Xeniaes, of Corinth, bought him, but soon gave him his freedom, made him tutor to his children, and at last gave him a permanent place in his home. It was in his house the philosopher died. It was there too, that, having refused to go to see Alexander the Great, Alexander came to see him. "I am Alexander," said the king. "And I am Diogenes," said the philosopher. "Is there anything I can do for you?" said Alexander. "Yes," was the answer, "I wish you wouldn't stand between me and the sun." The king was so pleased with his honesty, the story goes on, that he afterwards said to his courtiers, "If I were not Alexander, I would like to be Diogenes."

After his death a pillar was raised to his memory on the Isthmus of Corinth, and on the pillar there was placed a dog made of Parian marble, a symbol which he himself had chosen.

90 **SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN** died, 25th February, 1723. He was born on the 20th October, 1632; was educated under the great Dr. Busby; was an inventor at the age of thirteen, and a mathematician and astronomer of European reputation by the time he was four-and-twenty. We partly owe the barometer to him. But he is best



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known, and will be for ever known, as an architect. His great opportunity came with the great fire of London in 1666, a fire which, breaking out on the 2nd September at 1 a.m., raged for five days, and destroyed 400 streets and 400 acres of houses, amongst these being St. Paul's Cathedral and 88 other churches. If Wren's plans had been carried out London would have been so rebuilt as to have become the most beautiful and the most conveniently arranged city in the world.

The present Cathedral of St. Paul's is his masterpiece. An odd thing happened when the work was begun. A labourer, who was asked to fetch a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, to be laid as a mark for the masons, brought by chance a piece of a grave-stone, on which remained only one word of inscription—RESURGAM, I will rise again. The building took thirty-five years to finish, and cost £1,167,474, of which £800,000 was raised by a tax on London coal. Wren took particular pains with the foundation. He dug down till he reached sand and shells, "a firm sea-beach," as he called it. His assistants had proposed to use piles to save digging. "No," he said, "piles may last for ever when always in water; but if they are driven into sand, and kept between wet and dry, they will rot. I desire to build for eternity."

During the progress of the work, he issued this solemn notice: "Whereas among labourers, etc., that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of authority; and to the end, therefore, that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that customary swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer that comes to the calls"—(that is, the roll-call which was gone over three times a day)—"and the clerk of works upon sufficient proof shall dismiss them accordingly. And if any master working by task shall not, upon admonition, reform this profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the commissioners."

Dated the 25th September, 1695."

His salary as architect was £200 a year. In 1718, during the reign of George I., being then 86 years old, he was dismissed from his post as surveyor-general to the royal buildings. "The length of his life enriched the reign of several princes and disgraced the last of them." He was buried in St. Paul's, on whose inner north doorway is a tablet with the world-famous epitaph—

SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE.

*If you ask where his monument is, look around you.*

91 FRANCIS NICHOLSON, the father of British water-colour painting, caused himself to be lifted on to a table on the 4th March, 1844, two days before his death, and with his own hand retouched the dark sky of a favourite picture and put in a bright cloud. "He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder."

*The Belcony must be made of substantial  
well forged worke*

*Fac simile of Wren's handwriting.*

"Carry Your Clubs, Sir?"



**F**EW boys have been brought up like Willie Beaton. His parents are dead, and his grandmother, who has reared him from his infancy, is very old and very poor, and almost blind, but she is very very good.

He earns ninepence a week for her by carrying milk in the mornings, except, of course, on Sabbaths, and running errands for a shop-keeper after he comes home from school. On Saturdays he carries golf clubs, and though other boys get fourpence for the round, and take it, on the principle that one should take all one can get, he only takes a penny, because, he says, "My granny says I only do a penny's worth of work." And, somehow, his pennies bring a blessing with them, and some gentlemen, who meantime are saying nothing, are keeping an eye on him, and I think that already Willie is a made man for life.









**Woodcock.**

**I**N order to be a Woodcock one needs to know a little astronomy and a great deal more practical geography than is taught in any of our schools. Some knowledge of mathematics too is needed ; one must have gone as far as the first proposition in the first book of Euclid, and know how to describe an equilateral triangle. For in the pairing season, every Woodcock who wishes to have a mate describes, day after day, equilateral triangles in the air with sides a quarter of a mile long. Whether he does it Euclid's way—by first describing two circles which intersect each other at C and then joining A C and B C—or not, I do not know, but he certainly makes the triangles, which is the thing that has got to be done, and makes them musically too, and enjoys his work, which is more than could have been said of any student in my time. But then we had incompetent professors.

The Woodcock in the picture was a fine teacher. Her husband landed in Scotland one Sabbath morning in a garden in Kirkcaldy, exhausted by battling with contrary winds that had caught him in the North Sea. After a few hours' rest and sleep, he made his way to Stirlingshire, and lived in Silverhill, delighting specially in the holly bushes. He married in March, and he and his wife had three little beauties born to them. Most things she taught her children by her own example. For instance, the mud that was squeezed out at

the side of her bill when she ate the worms—and she ate hundreds every night—she washed carefully away in running water, just as all wise people amongst ourselves carefully cleanse their teeth after every meal and so prolong their days, and live to do their appointed work. Her children, too, learned from her to beat the ground with their feet and bills to find out where the worms were. Other things she let them find out for themselves, as, for example, that it is bad for the feathers to fly straight before the wind, and much better to go sideways to it. But there were many things she could not tell them, for she did not know herself. Woodcocks carry their little ones in their claws high up in the air, pressing them close to their breast, and a wonderful sight it is. Well, one day the Woodcock in the picture had been telling her little son about the angels, for the Bible tells us that beasts and birds have dealings with them as well as with God. She could tell him many things about them, but he quickly put questions that puzzled her.

"Are there many of them, mother?"

"Yes, thousands of thousands, more than can be counted."

"Do they sleep during the day like us?"

"No, they rest not day nor night."

"What do they do?"

"They are flying up and down from earth to heaven, and back again, continually."

"Do they fly zig-zag like us?"

"No, they turn not as they go ;



they go, every one of them, straight-forward."

"But if there are so many of them, and we don't see them, are we not in their way sometimes?"

"No doubt."

"Then, if they are not to knock against us, will they not have to fly zig-zag after all?"

"My dear, they are not made of flesh and blood like us, but even if they were, they would not grudge going out of their way to oblige a little bird."

Another day when the little ones had been carried, one at a time, through the air, the boy said, "Do you like carrying me, mother?"

"Dearly."

"I am getting pretty heavy, am I not?"

"Yes, you are a great big heavy boy."

"Do the angels ever carry people through the air?"

"Yes, when people die, the angels carry their souls to heaven."

"How do they do it?"

"I don't know."

"Do men know?"

"I don't think they do. They never think about angels."

"But if the angels do as much for them as you do for me, I am sure I would love them and I would try to find out all I could about them: that is, if I were a man."

"Maybe not."

"Then I am glad I am not a man."

## The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

No. 9.

*Art not Thou He That hath made the depths of the sea a way?—Is. 51, 10.*

IT would be in the Summer of '44 or '45. I had shipped as sailor on board the *Adelaide* yacht, cutter, 160 tons. It was one of the biggest yachts then afloat, the others being the *Vandal*, the *Caprice*, the *Sultana*, the *Alarm*. This last was a schooner of between 300 and 400 tons. It was counted a great honour to be a hand on board any of them. Besides, I was aiming at being a pilot, and was taking every opportunity I could get of qualifying myself. We men used to go in yachts in the summer time if we could get a chance, and in winter we would take a run out to the West Indies. That gave us sea experience in winter, and a knowledge of the British coast in summer. The owner of the *Adelaide* was Sir Robert Gore Booth, a very fine specimen of the Irish gentleman. And yet, curiously, he had only Englishmen and Scotchmen in his crew. The master was Captain Adie of Plymouth. He had the picking of the one half of the crew as Englishmen; the mate, James Whyte of Gourock, picked the other half, all Scotch. The two gigs for the yacht were built, the one by Orr in Greenock, the other by somebody in Plymouth. Once when we were lying in a quiet corner for a night, the ladies on board suggested the

getting up of a race between the two gigs, the one to be steered and manned by the Scotchmen, and the other by the English. So we all got ready for the race, and we Scotchmen hoped to make the English hurry up. When we were in our places, old James Whyte said, "Now, boys, the honour of the country is at stake, and we must let these Sassenachs see what we can do." I believe I was the most useless of the ship's company. However, we were duly started for the race of about three miles, round a certain buoy and back. Before we pulled very far we found out that we were dropping astern. "This won't do," said the mate, "we are getting into the wrong position. Bend your backs and pull together, and put the Englishmen in their proper place." A few good long swings and strokes, and we were soon ahead of them. When we got round the buoy, we found that we would not have much bother with our opponents on the road home. The master, who was steering their boat, called out, "Don't leave us too far behind; we will make a better race of it if you take it easy and let us go in close together." And so we did, and at the wind up there was only half-a-boat's length between us. From that day forward Sir Robert said the Scotch boat was to be his gig when he wanted to go ashore.

A short time after that, when we were in Plymouth Sound, we were going ashore one day. I was pulling the bow oar, and Captain Adie was steering. A large paddle steamer,

backing out from the wharf, came too close to a little schooner yacht, and struck her on the taffrail with one of her floats. The schooner went down almost immediately, stern first. Captain Adie cried out, "Pull away, boys; we must save that man." For she had only one man on board. We had been looking at the yacht as she lay at anchor. He was the master, and the two men who formed his crew had gone ashore with her boat. I had noticed that he wore a thick knitted blue Guernsey frock. When she began to go down he ran forward to the bows and jumped overboard to get clear of the gear of the yacht, but though he was an expert swimmer the suction of the sinking vessel drew him down. "Pull with all your might," the captain said, "he has gone out of sight, but we'll pick him up. Toss in your oar, Bob," he cried to me, "and stand by with your boat hook. Keep a good look out down in the water. Stand by to pick him up. We'll see the form of him in the water when we get to the place." Then, all of a sudden, I saw the man striking out under the water, for the water was very clear. "Stop rowing," I shouted, "here he is; back astern a little bit!" And then I hooked him by the Guernsey frock. It was as far down as I could reach, maybe about seven or eight feet. It was easy to bring him to the surface, but not so easy getting him into the boat; but we managed it, and he was, after a while, all right. And then, when the captain and he had compared



1	TU	He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.— <i>Job 17, 9.</i>
2	W	They go from strength to strength.— <i>Ps. 84, 7.</i> A soldier's medal is an obligation, as well as an honour. Skobelev, the great Russian general, used to say, "Georgians to the front!" Georgians were men who had the St. George's Cross for valour.
3	TH	Bonds and afflictions abide me.
4	F	But none of these things move me.— <i>Acts 20, 24.</i>
5	S	I was delivered. The Lord will deliver me.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 17.</i>
6	S	I have stuck unto Thy testimonies.— <i>Ps. 119, 31.</i>
7	M	I have fought a good fight.
8	TU	I have kept the faith.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 7.</i> When Sebastopol fell, 41 years ago to-day, a magazine in the Malakoff Works blew up, and so deep was the colour of the 91st French Regiment buried that it was not found till next day. It was still grasped tightly in the hands of the lifeless officer who was carrying it when the explosion took place.
9	W	I give thee charge that thou keep this commandment until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.— <i>2 Tim. 6, 13.</i>
10	TH	I am ready to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.— <i>Acts 21, 13.</i>
11	F	Faithful men.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 2.</i>
12	S	Men, whose faces were like the faces of lions.— <i>1 Chron. 12, 8.</i>
13	S	Last of all, He sent unto them His Son.— <i>Matt. 21, 37.</i> "God's ultimatum."
14	M	God so loved the world.— <i>John 3, 16.</i> God's last thought was His first.
15	TU	He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel.— <i>Luke 4, 18.</i>
16	W	As My Father sent Me, even so send I you.— <i>John 20, 21.</i>
17	TH	We are ambassadors on behalf of Christ.— <i>2 Cor. 5, 20 (R. V.).</i>
18	F	The feet of him that publisheth peace.— <i>Is. 52, 7.</i>
19	S	Go ye, therefore.— <i>Matt. 28, 19.</i> It was a standing rule with the old Falmouth Post Office Sailing Packets that they were to "put to sea immediately on receiving the mails, whatever the wind was, provided only they could carry a double-reefed topsail." The Post Office agent in 1840, in giving evidence, said he could not remember a single instance of delay in 45 years.
20	S	What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world,
21	M	And lose his own soul?— <i>Mark 8, 37.</i> When Henry of Navarre gave up Protestantism in 1593, he said, "Paris is well worth a mass."
22	TU	Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ;
23	W	Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God,
24	TH	Than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,
25	F	Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt :
26	S	For he had respect unto the recompence of the reward.— <i>Heb. 11, 24.</i>
27	S	My house shall be called a house of prayer.— <i>Matt. 21, 13.</i>
28	M	I will that men pray, lifting up holy hands.
29	TU	Also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel ;
30	W	Not with costly array, but with good works.— <i>1 Tim. 2, 8.</i> His wife's heart swelled her bodice, joyed its fill, When neighbours turned heads wistfully at church, Sighed at the load of lace that came to pray.— <i>Browning.</i>

October, 1896.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 10.



*"They wist not that there were liers in ambush against them."*



*Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you.—Luke 22, 31.*

**T**HOSE seven grouse, the three you see, and the four which you can't see unless you go round to the other side of the stook, are feeling perfectly secure. They have been hearing guns firing all morning, but none of them has been killed, and as they have wandered about the field they have repeatedly congratulated one another on the absence of all danger. Yet at this very moment there is a man hiding amongst those sheaves. He is one of a party over whose heads the grouse are being driven. He has his gun in his hand, both barrels loaded, on full cock, but of course he never dreams of shooting birds that are not on the wing. Strange to say, too, he has been trying to frighten them without showing himself. He has been throwing little stones, and bits of earth, and even empty cartridges at them.

But they won't rise. They see things falling all about, and even striking them, but they imagine that these are only phenomena of nature—a little unusual, perhaps, but not in the least to be afraid of.

Now I think that is just the way we ourselves go on. We get warnings every day. In the midst of life we are in death; there is but one step between us and it. Yet we will not take a telling. The pestilence walketh in darkness, destruction wasteth at noon-day. A thousand fall at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand. But we imagine it will not come nigh us, and all the time there are liars in wait against us, worse even than death—the devil and his angels, the lusts of the flesh, the temptations of evil men. Their bows are bent and made ready, the instruments of death are prepared, and we dwell at ease and forget that we have need to watch and pray.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*(Continued from page 100.)*

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OLD MICHAEL, a shepherd of whom Wordsworth tells, died broken-hearted at the misconduct of his son. He had been a man of unusual strength all his days:

His mind was keen,  
Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs,  
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt  
And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone. . . . The storm that drives  
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him  
Up to the mountains.

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His wife, Isabel, a comely matron, twenty years younger than himself, was a woman of a stirring life :

Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had  
Of antique form : this, large, for spinning-wool,  
That, small, for flax ; and if one wheel had rest,  
It was because the other was at work.

An only son, Luke, born in their old age,  
With two brave sheep-dogs, tried in many a storm,  
The one of an inestimable worth,  
Made all their household. I may truly say  
That they were as a proverb in the vale  
For endless industry.

Their cottage stood on rising ground, and from the constancy with which its lamp was always burning at night, was named by their neighbours, "The Evening Star." It, and the few fields adjoining, had come to them by inheritance, burdened by debt, which, however, had been cleared off by many years of unceasing toil.

But in an evil hour, as men say, the old man had become surety for his brother's son, and got the reward of suretyship in due time. Unwilling to sell their little bit of land to pay the debt they had thus incurred, they resolved to send Luke to London to push his fortune and earn the money that would make them free once more. On the evening before he left home, the old man took his son apart, and brought him to a valley where there lay a heap of stones which he had gathered to make a sheepfold of. It was to have been a work for both of them ; now the father must do it by himself.

" But, lay one stone  
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
Nay, boy, be of good hope. We both may live  
To see a better day. At eighty-four  
I still am strong and stout. Do thou thy part,  
I will do mine. . . . Lay now the corner-stone,  
As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,  
When thou art gone away, should evil men  
Be thy companions, think of me, my son,  
And of this moment. Hither turn thy thoughts,  
And God will strengthen thee. Now fare thee well.  
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see  
A work which is not here : a covenant  
'Twill be between us. But whatever fate  
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

For a time Luke did well, and wrote kind letters home. But after some months were gone, he began to slacken in his duty, and at last gave himself up in the big city to evil ways. Then came shame and ignominy, till at length he had to flee the country and "seek a hiding-place beyond the seas." The old father still went about his work, "still looked up upon the sun and listened to the wind." From





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time to time, too, he went with his faithful dog to the hollow dell to build the fold that was sorely needed by his sheep. But

Many and many a day he thither went  
And never lifted up a single stone.

So seven years passed, and then he died. Three years after, Isabel followed him. The little inheritance was sold to a stranger, and now

The cottage which was named "The Evening Star"  
Is gone ; the ploughshare has been through the ground  
On which it stood. . . . Yet the oak is left  
That grew beside their door ; and the remains  
Of the unfinished sheep-fold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

91 SIR DUNCAN MACGREGOR, on his birthday, March 16, 1879, after his son, "Rob Roy MacGregor," had read the 91st Psalm at family worship, prayed sitting. In his prayer he said he felt he could not pray, but "Thou knowest better than we do what we need. Oh, give us what we need !"

91 LORD LYNTHURST, three times Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, being asked as he lay dying (October 12, 1863,) if he was happy, replied,

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"Happy? Yes, happy;" then a little after, with a stronger effort, "Supremely happy." When he was near eighty, and was threatened with blindness, due to cataract, he comforted himself with what the doctors told him—"I shall not have a black darkness. I shall be conscious of light." Then he began to learn the Psalms off by heart, getting his youngest daughter to hear him his lesson. Once, dining out of doors, as he and his family were sitting down, a thrush, undisturbed by their presence, burst out singing from its bough close by. "Listen," he said; "the thrush is saying grace for us." When he was lying very ill in his old age, he pointed to a picture his father had made of him when he was three years old, in which he was drawn looking up and smiling in his mother's face. "See," said he, "the difference between me here and there."

*I know Whom I have believed.—2 Tim.*

*1, 12.*

THE first news of the Indian Mutiny reached London on the 11th July, 1857. At three o'clock in the afternoon Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, who had been overtaken in the street by a messenger, was offered the command of the forces in India, and had instantly accepted it, hoping, as he said, soon to return to England to pass a little time with the few friends who might be left to him. He was then in his sixty-fifth year, and suffered from the effects of the wounds he had received, and the hardships he had undergone, in the great wars with France fifty years before. He started for India next day at half-past eight in the evening, landed at Calcutta on the 13th August, and took command of the army near Lucknow on the 13th November.

On the morning of that day a memorable circumstance happened. The troops had been arranged in brigades, and as he passed in front of each body of men, addressing a

few words to each, it was noticed that he was received in silence, though with all due respect. Only a few men belonging to the artillery had seen him before. The Sikhs, and other native soldiers who had continued loyal, eyed him very closely. They had heard of his long and honourable career, and the man in whose hand their lives were to be during the coming fights and battles was naturally an object of great interest to them. But they, too, kept silence, for he was personally unknown to them. But when he came to the end of the line to review the last brigade, he was received with tumultuous shouts and cheers, the men waving their feather bonnets in the air. *It was the 93rd Regiment* that stood before him, and they knew him well. It was they who had formed the "thin red line" at Balaklava only three years before.

You have all heard of it. Sir Colin, with the Highland Brigade 500 strong, and several battalions of Turks, had charge of the gorge that led to the harbour of Balaklava.



On the 25th October, 1854, a great body of Russian cavalry suddenly came down on them. The Turks turned and fled, crying "Ship! Ship!" In ordinary circumstances the Highlanders would have been formed into a hollow square, with bayonets bristling out on every side, as is usual in preparing for cavalry. But on this occasion they were simply formed into a line two deep. It was a solemn moment. So much depended on the steadiness of that one regiment! "Remember," said Campbell as he rode down the line, "remember there is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand!"

And the men answered, "Ay, ay, Sir Colin; we'll dae that."

There was an old porter who kept the Greek class-room door in my day in the old college in High Street. We used to watch him straighten himself and make his military salute as our Professor turned round the corner into the gloomy old archway in those foggy mornings long ago. One day the old porter didn't notice the Professor, and gave no salute. He saw his mistake a moment too late, but he straightened himself up all the same, and—smiled! as he gazed at the Professor's back. That was the only time I ever saw the sad solemn look he always had pass from his face. He had been one of that red line. I remember the words he used as he once told me the story of that famous day: "When we got the command to form line, I took my last look at the sun."

I hope all of you are obeying

Christ so loyally, and finding Him to be such a great Leader and Commander, and such a good Master, that in days to come, when He asks you to follow Him on greater enterprises, you will obey Him not only instantly but joyfully, as those who know that under Him a battle has always been, and will always be, a victory.

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### The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

No. 10.

#### ANCHORS AND ANCHORAGES.

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YOU were saying that you heard the sailors on board a barque singing in chorus as they went round the capstan lifting the anchor, and that you recognised the words and the air. Yes, it's an old sea-song that, and a fine one to work to—

*They say, old man, your horse will die,  
And they say so-o-o-o-o,  
And I hope so-o-o-o-o,  
And if he dies we'll tan his hide,  
And they say so-o-o-o-o,  
And I hope so-o-o-o-o,  
Poor old man!*

Did you ever hear them singing *Caledonia*? That's a great favourite with Scotch sailors if there are ships of other nationalities lying near.

*Caledonia will win the day,  
Caledonio, my brave Caledonio,  
Caledonio-o-o-o;  
Caledonians' hearts are true,  
Caledonio-o-o-o;  
Caledonians' bonnets are blue,  
Caledonio, my brave Caledonio.*

In the old days, when I went first





to sea, the anchor was lifted by a windlass worked with handspikes, which we had to lift out and put in again four times in every revolution. That was never less than two hours' work, and I have known it take twice that. I believe in the old men-of-war it sometimes took seven or eight hours to weigh anchor. Now a forty-five fathom chain of the heaviest kind, such as that big P. & O. steamship the *India* out there has, could be lifted, catted, and fished, that is, got safely up on deck, in ten minutes.

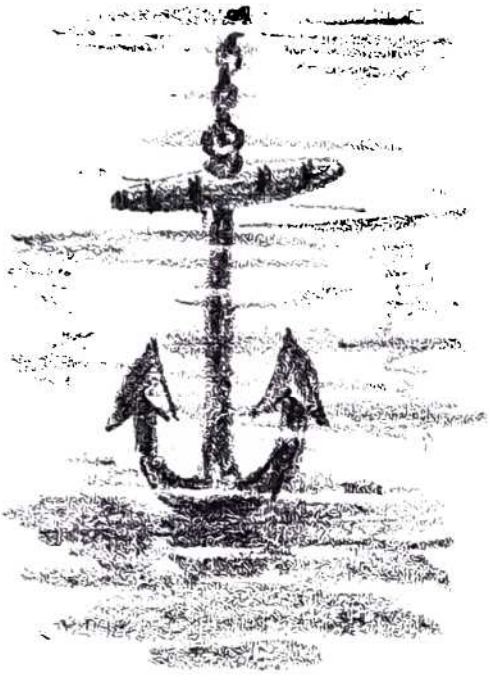
When the anchor is being hauled in, a hose with water is kept playing on it, and the men scrub away with brooms to wash the mud off that is brought up from the bottom. If that were not done, the locker in which the chain is stowed would be choked with mud in no time, and the deck would be impassable. If there is a sweet sandy bottom, or one with gravel, there is no need for that; the anchor comes up clean.

"What's the best kind of anchorage?" Hard tough clay; the next best, firm sand and shells and small stones. The worst is soft mud. It has no grip. Of course, a bottom with big boulders would be still worse than that. The anchor might be hopelessly fixed or broken.

Fifteen or twenty fathoms is a fine depth for anchoring. The greatest depth I ever anchored in was 80 fathoms, that is, 160 yards. That was about twenty years ago, in the British India s.s. *Ethiopia*, in Bergen Bay in Norway. We slacked down the cable link by link with the wind-

lass, till it touched the ground. A greater depth than that would not be safe. The weight of the chain would be almost certain to carry away the windlass or some of the rest of the gear. I remember a Sabbath we spent at Bergen. It was very wet. We had worship every morning in the saloon at sea, but on Sabbaths all the crew were invited to be present. We met in the saloon, and it was a striking company; firemen, sailors, lords and ladies, and engineers—all gathering round the throne of grace. The late Mr. Peter Denny of Dumbarton, who built the ship, was precentor. The minister's text was—"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." That's in John's Gospel. Another Sabbath the text was in Galatians—"God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"What does the anchor do when it touches bottom? How does it hold the ship?" Well, you see, when it goes overboard, plump through the water, the crown of it, that is the bit at the end of the shank midway between the flukes, strikes the ground first. Then both the flukes fall on the ground. The stock, that is the long straight bit at the other end, stands straight up and down, with one end only touching the ground. Then when the strain comes on the cable, the stock twists the anchor round or tilts it over, and the anchor rests on only one fluke. As the anchor drags, the one fluke and the stock sink



deeper, and push the clay or sand in front of them till it forms a barrier. In such an anchorage as we have at Greenock, where the bottom is soft mud torn up by the chains and anchors of two hundred years, no kind of stock holds so well as the old wooden ones, such as American and Norwegian vessels use.

"Doesn't the chain fall on the top of the anchor when it runs out?" It would do that if the ship were standing still. But a captain who knows anything will see that his ship has either sternway or headway before he lets his anchor go. That makes the chain lie nicely along the ground. If the chain falls in a heap on the top of the anchor, they get fouled, and you may have to let them go and be thankful. But that means loss of money. Sometimes the anchor gets fouled when the wind lulls and the ship forges ahead. And that is the ad-

vantage of the Trotman anchor. The two arms move on a pivot at the crown, and when the one fluke is on the ground the other falls down on the shank of the anchor, and the chain can't get round it.

The forging of anchors is now done by steam hammers. Long ago it was the heaviest work that smiths had to do. There must be no flaw in an anchor. The whole ship's safety depends on it. They say the Greeks and Romans called their sheet anchor, the one which is the last stand-by, the sacred or holy one. And, indeed, every thing about a ship—the building, the sailing, the lading—should be counted holy. Men that have to do with ships are much nearer God, I think, than other men. Yes, it is an anxious moment when you find your anchor dragging, even in such a safe place as our own anchorage. I remember a wild night five-and-twenty years ago—the night a steamer broke adrift from the harbour, and capsized on the bank above Port-Glasgow. I was on board an American ship, the *Amos Lawrence*, I think. Americans as a rule do not use such heavy chains and anchors as British ships are compelled by law to do. We were lying with forty-five fathoms of cable out. A cable should be three times the depth of the water. A heavy gale of wind came on. We had one anchor down; then we set the topmast staysail, and turned the ship a little to the side, and then we let the other anchor go. That kept the two anchors from fouling. Still the anchors dragged. Looking

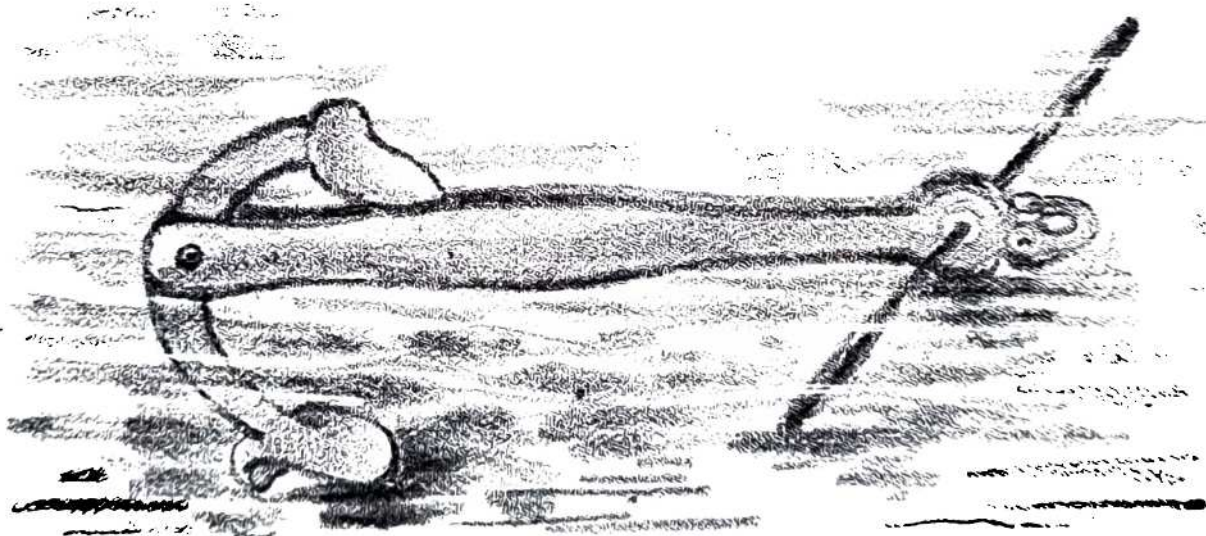


round I found a spare anchor, but it had no chain. "We can do no more," said the Captain, "that's all the chain we have; we must trust to Providence."

"I think, Captain," I said, "we have not done all our duty yet. There's a stream anchor, and we have 100 fathoms of good towing hawser. If we let that go and make it well fast, there's not much more we can do. But there's something else. Send down the royal-top-gallant masts." So we did that, and it lessened the pressure of the wind. The lead showed us that

the ship was holding fast. We had done all our duty, and we were rewarded for it. At low tide we had only a few feet of water under our keel, but our ship never touched the bottom. When morning broke, we could see four or five vessels all ashore. Here is a fine text for you:

*God interposed with an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie, we may have a strong encouragement, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us; which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast, and entering into that which is within the vail; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us.—Heb. 6, 17 (R.V.)*



**W**HEN the father of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, K. C. B., was dying, 1st January, 1874, he told his family the words that were to be put on his tombstone.

"Would you like a text on it?" his son asked.

"No; no hypocrisy."

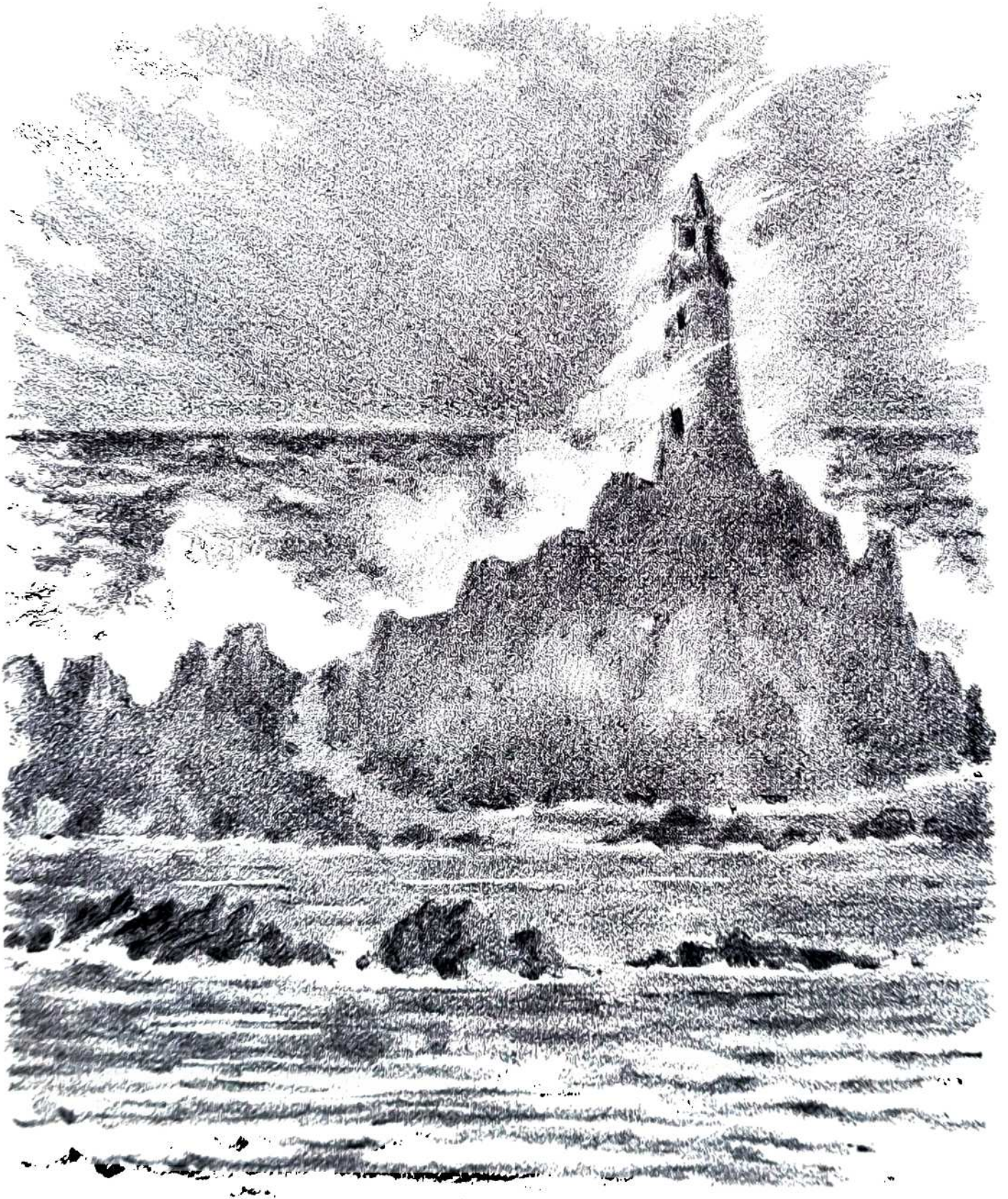
"I think *we* should like to put some text on your grave."

"Oh, very well, but one without hypocrisy." His son suggested 1

Timothy 1, 15, and John 6, 47—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."



Mr. Blackwood smiled approvingly, and when his son repeated | the text, said : " Yes, you may put that. In that faith I die."



*The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters.—Ps. 93, 4.*



1	TH	These are they which follow the Lamb
2	F	Whithersoever He goeth.— <i>Rev. 14, 4.</i> There is an epitaph in Exeter Cathedral: "This man put his hand to the plough, and never looked back."
3	S	They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.— <i>Gal. 5, 24.</i>
4	S	A good soldier of Jesus Christ.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 3.</i>
5	M	Neglect not the gift that is in thee.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 14.</i>
6	TU	Meditate upon these things;
7	W	Give thyself wholly to them. The young Duke of Baden, being asked by Napoleon at Mayence what he had been doing the night before, said, "I was walking about the streets." "That was very foolish of you. You should have gone round the fortifications and examined them. How do you know but you may one day be attacking this place yourself?"
8	TH	We wrestle against powers.— <i>Eph. 6, 12.</i>
9	F	We are not ignorant of Satan's devices.— <i>2 Cor. 2, 11.</i>
10	S	Spiritual wisdom and understanding.— <i>Col. 1, 9 (R. V.)</i>
11	S	All the council sought false witness against Jesus.— <i>Matt. 26, 59.</i>
12	M	The Son of Man came, and they say, Behold a winebibber.— <i>Matt. 11, 19.</i>
13	TU	The Jews said unto Him, Thou hast a devil.— <i>John 8, 48.</i>
14	W	When He was reviled, He reviled not again;
15	TH	When He suffered, He threatened not;
16	F	But committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.
17	S	Leaving us an example.— <i>1 Peter 2, 21.</i> Dr. Cotton Mather, an eminent American divine, had a bundle of scurrilous letters, on the outside of which he had written—"Libels. Father forgive them."
18	S	Thou hast laboured, and hast not fainted.— <i>Rev. 2, 3.</i>
19	M	He giveth power to the faint.— <i>Is. 40, 29.</i>
20	TU	I said, I shall go to the gates of the grave:
21	W	I am deprived of the residue of my years.
22	TH	I said, I shall not see the Lord.— <i>Is. 38, 10.</i>
23	F	I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.— <i>Psalms 17, 15.</i> Dr. Hook was once overheard saying, as he climbed up the pulpit stairs in Chichester Cathedral, "I shall never get up, I know I shall never get up. I have got up after all."
24	S	The Lord was ready to save me.— <i>Is. 38, 20.</i>
25	S	O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee.
26	M	O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face.— <i>Dan. 9, 7.</i>
27	TU	We are verily guilty concerning our brother.— <i>Gen. 42, 21.</i>
28	W	Deliver me from blood guiltiness.— <i>Ps. 51, 14.</i>
29	TH	By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.— <i>2 Sam. 12, 14.</i>
30	F	Shimei cursed, and cast stones at David. And David said, So let him curse,
31	S	Because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David.— <i>2 Sam. 16, 18.</i> "If any one, owing to your past life, doubts the genuineness of your repentance, there is nothing for it but to outlive, outpray, outlove the accusation which you have brought upon yourself."— <i>Miss Marsha to Sir A. Blackwood.</i>

November, 1896.

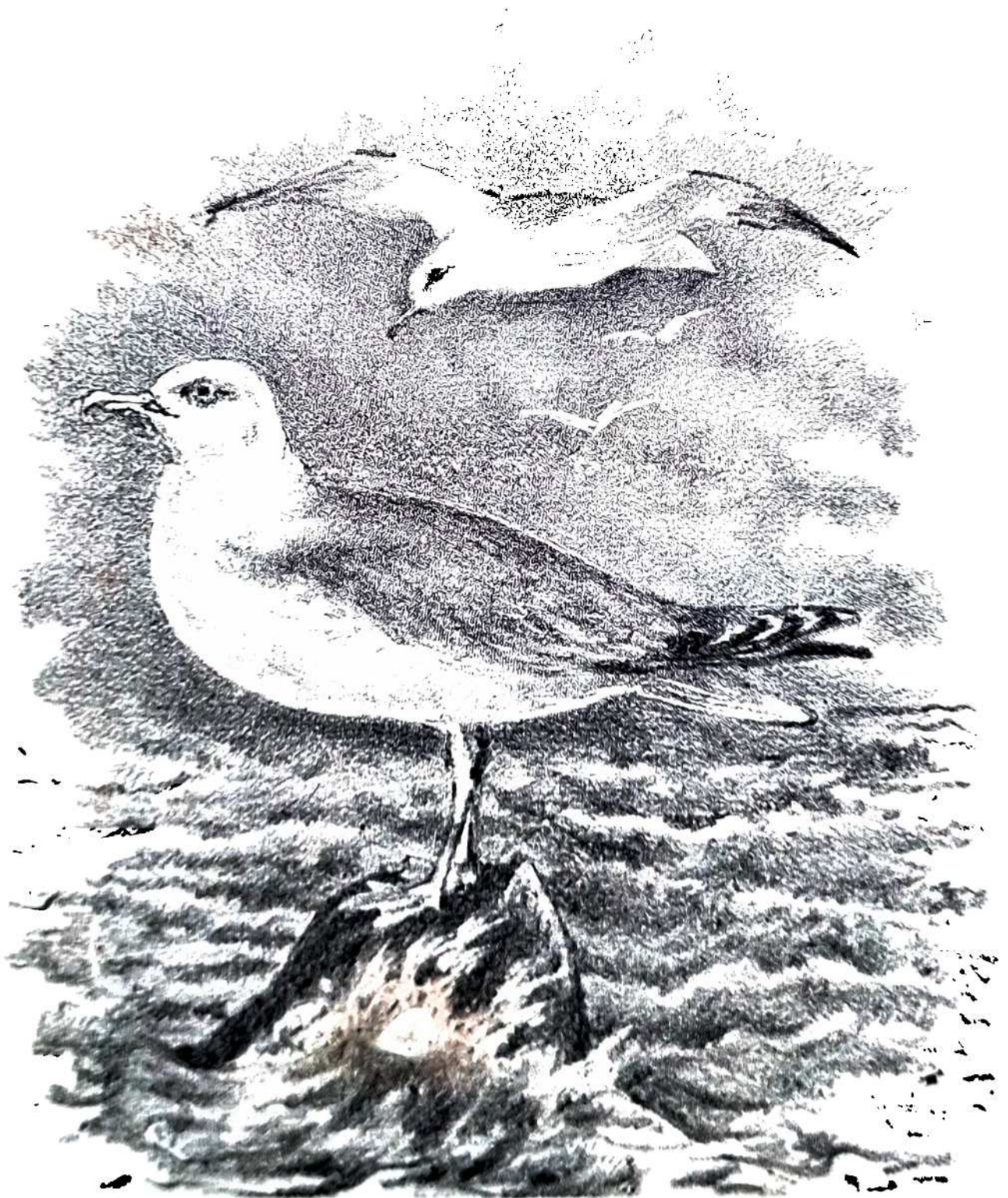
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 11.



**"Any Room for Me There?"**



The Volume for 1896 will be ready with the December number.

*I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and He heard me out of His holy hill. I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me.—Ps. 3, 4.*

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM FAIRFAX, who shared with Admiral Duncan the honour of the great victory over the Dutch at Camperdown in 1797, was a perfect gentleman. And he was a good man. One wild night of wind and snow—and that is the kind of weather a sailor dreads most—his ship had taken refuge with many others in Yarmouth Roads. Captain Fairfax, after having done all that was possible for the safety of his ship, went to his berth and lay down. His cabin door did not shut closely, owing to the rolling of the

ship, and the man who was on sentry, seeing through the chink the captain on his knees praying, thought it would soon be all over with them; then, seeing him lie down and fall asleep, he felt no more fear.

On one occasion when the captain was at home, he had been ill with a severe cold, and wore his nightcap. While reading in the drawing-room in the evening he called out, "I smell fire, there is no time to be lost." He snatched up a candle, wandered from room to room followed by his family all still smelling fire, when one of the servants said, "Oh, sir, it is the tassel of your nightcap that is on fire." The faults which we sometimes imagine to be in others are often in ourselves!

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

(Continued from page 113.)

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JOSIAH QUINCY, an American scholar and orator, died in 1862. "Most long lives," says Mr. Lowell, "resemble those threads of gossamer, the nearest approach to nothing unmeaningly prolonged, scarce visible pathway of some worm from his cradle to his grave; but Quincy's was strung with seventy active years, each one a rounded bead of usefulness and service." When he was mayor of Boston he was arrested on a malicious charge of false driving. He might have resisted, but he appeared in court, and paid the fine, because it would serve as a good example "that no citizen was above the law." He was President of Harvard University. When he dismissed the graduating class, he used to pay them whatever honest compliment he could. One year he told them gravely that they were "the best-dressed class he had ever seen." Shortly before his death he burned the books which contained the records of the faults of students that they might not rise up in judgment against the men who had afterwards become eminent, who had been guilty of them. He opposed slavery in the States all his days, and once rebuked an unmannerly crowd in an omnibus by rising and giving a coloured woman his seat. Let me specially commend to you the advice he once gave to a secretary who was behindhand with his work: "When you have a number of duties to perform, do the most disagreeable one first."

At the  
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MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE, a lady who became famous for her knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, died at Naples, 29th November, 1872. She would have liked to live, she said, to know the result of an expedition to determine the currents of the ocean, the distance from the earth to the sun fixed by the transits of Venus, and the source of the river Nile. Most of all she would have liked to live to see the suppression of slavery in Africa. But she was ready to go. "The Blue Peter"—the flag which means that a ship will soon start—"has been long flying at my foremast," she wrote in her ninety-second year to a friend, "and I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Sensible of my utter unworthiness, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Saviour."

Mrs. Somerville was the daughter of Admiral Fairfax, already mentioned, and was born at Jedburgh and brought up at Burntisland and Edinburgh. Her mother taught her to read the Bible and say her prayers, and to help in the garden and dairy. On the seashore she learned to love birds, a love which grew with her years. In her old age she had a pet mountain sparrow which was her companion for eight years ; it sat on her shoulder and ate out of her mouth. At ten she was sent to a boarding-school at Musselburgh. "On my arrival," she says, "though I was perfectly straight and well-made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a half-circle which went under my chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays." In this constrained state the girls had to prepare their lessons. The chief thing they had to do was to learn every day a page of Johnson's Dictionary off by heart. She taught herself Latin, and soon showed a great love for reading which was highly disapproved of by her friends. It was in a monthly magazine of fashions that she first heard of mathematics. There was a puzzle in it with a lot of X's and Y's. "What is that?" she asked a Miss Ogilvie. "Oh, it is a kind of arithmetic ; they call it Algebra ; but I can tell you nothing about it." Sometime afterwards she heard her drawing-master speak of Euclid's Elements of Geometry. But no girl in those days would have dared to go to a bookseller's to ask for such a work, and she had to wait till she found a friend who was willing to get it for her. Happily that is all changed now, though it is a humbling thing to think of that it is only within these last few years that women have been allowed to use all the talents which God has given them. If all the intellectual and spiritual treasure in our country that has been lost and buried had been traded with, what a different world it would have been !

When she married, her husband's sister, who was younger than she, wrote to her "hoping that she would give up her foolish manner of life and studies, and make a respectable and useful wife to her brother." They were very much astonished when they found that she was not only an accomplished linguist and painter and mathematician, but that she could bake and cook and sew and embroider



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better than any of them. She was a model mother and housekeeper. Her rooms, her papers, and all that belonged to her, were invariably in the most perfect order. And she so used her hours and gathered up their fragments that none of her time was lost. She continued working to the very last. In her ninety-second year, when most people, alas ! are able to do nothing more than boast about their age and lament that the world is getting worse, she was still able to work at Algebra for four or five hours every morning, and nothing pleased her better than to read about the new discoveries and theories of scientific men. She was held in high honour by all the learned societies at home and abroad. One fact is specially worth mentioning. It was a sentence in one of her books, published in 1842, that helped to lead Mr. John Couch Adams to the series of investigations that led to his discovery, by mathematics alone, of the planet Neptune in 1846, a discovery which will continue to the end of time to be regarded as a most marvellous instance of the way in which men find out the secrets of the Almighty.

On the last day of her life Mrs. Somerville was revising and completing her treatise on the "Theory of Differences," and studying a book on Quaternions. She died sleeping, and awoke, like Peter, though the Quaternions that surrounded him were of a different kind, to find that the angels had her by the hand.

93 MRS. MARY WATERS HONYWOOD died, 11th May, 1620, in the forty-fourth year of her widowhood. At her death she left behind her 367 descendants ; sixteen of whom were her own children, one hundred and fourteen grand-children, two hundred and twenty-eight of the third generation, and nine of the fourth. "Thus," Thomas Fuller says in his *Worthies of England*, "she had a descendant for every day in the (though leap) year, and one over. Yet this worthy matron," he continues, "is more memorable in my mind on another account, namely, for patient weathering out the tempest of a troubled conscience, whereon a remarkable story dependeth. Being much afflicted in mind, many ministers repaired to her, and amongst the rest, Reverend Mr. John Fox, than whom no more happy an instrument to set the joints of a broken spirit. All his counsels proved ineffectual, insomuch that, in the agony of her soul, having a Venice glass in her hand, she broke forth into this expression, 'I am as surely lost as this glass is broken ;' which she immediately threw with violence to the ground. Here happened a wonder : the glass rebounded again, and was taken up whole and entire. I confess it is possible, though difficult, so casually to throw as brittle a substance, that, lighting on the edges, it may be preserved ; but happening immediately in that juncture of time, it seemed little less than miraculous.

"However, the Gentlewoman took no comfort thereat, but continued a great time after (short is long to people in pain) in her former disconsolate condition, without any amendment ; until, at last, God, the great Clock-keeper of Time, Who findeth out the fittest minutes for His Own mercies, suddenly shot comfort like lightning into her soul ; which, once entered, ever remained therein (God doth

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no palliate cures ; what He heals it holds) ; so that she led the remainder of her life in spiritual gladness. This she herself told to one from whose mouth I have received this relation.

"In the days of Queen Mary she used to visit the prisons, and to comfort and relieve the Protestant Confessors therein. She was present at the burning of Mr. Bradford in Smithfield ; and resolved to see the end of his suffering, though so great the press of people, that her shoes were trodden off, and she forced thereby to go bare-foot from Smithfield to St. Martin's, before she could furnish herself with a new pair for her money."

### The Old Beech.

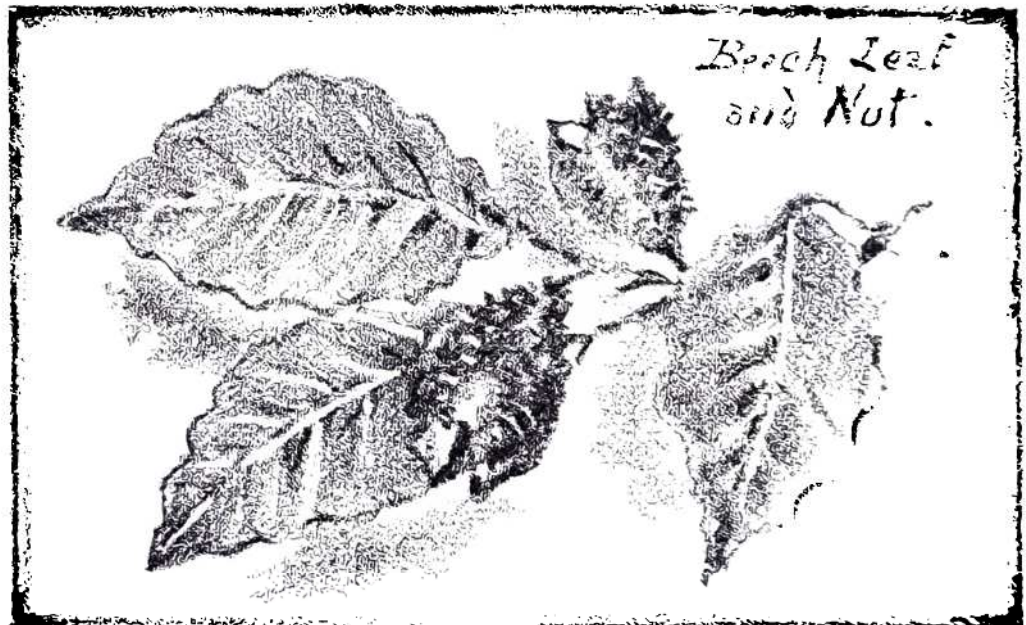
"Mother," said a young squirrel one day, "I have been gathering nuts all forenoon. I have laid past two hundred for winter for Grannie, and a hundred for ourselves, and I ate fifty. Is that enough?"

"Quite enough, dear, and you have done very well—very well indeed. You will be very glad to have some of them when you awake in winter."

"But if we are to sleep all winter, who will look after us? and who will waken us?"

"God will look after you, my dear, and He will tell you when to get up."

And so it came to pass. For one bright cheery day in December, just before the great snowstorm came on, the little squirrel awoke, and going to the entrance of the nest looked out, and thought it would have a



scamper. It went down to the ground, and then along the road, and up the old beech, going round and round its trunk, and down again and back into its nest. Then it ate some nuts and curled itself up and fell asleep again. Next day its mother awoke, knowing a storm was coming on, but lay down again, contented when, by feeling amongst the nuts, she knew that her little one had been at them and must have eaten about twenty-five or thirty.

A month afterwards the little squirrel got up again and looked out. The ground lay deep in snow,





and the old beech had been torn up by the storm. When it got back its mother was looking for it. "Oh mother, I am so glad you changed your mind and flitted here. The old beech is down. Was it God that told you to come here?"

"Yes."

"And what will happen to the old tree now?"

"Oh, men will take it away and make chairs and tables, and sluices for mills, and ladles. And coach-builders will use it, and chemists."

The young squirrel didn't understand all that of course. And I am

not quite sure that its mother did either. Squirrels are very like ourselves. It is very easy in these days of cheap encyclopædias to make a great display of knowledge.

They were both willing, therefore, to change the subject, for the little squirrel was afraid its mother might suggest an hour or two's lessons, and the mother was afraid her boy might ask what part of a coach the wood was used for.

"Do men sleep a long, long time like us without waking?"

"Yes," said the mother solemnly. "They all sleep in the grave for thousands and thousands of years."

"And does God awaken them too?"

"Yes."

"And do they lay anything past in store before they take their long sleep?"

"My dear child, if they are wise, I am sure they will. But whether they do or not, I cannot tell you. They know themselves."

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### The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

No. II.

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THE "Old Sailor" whose Reminiscences you have had during this year is Mr. Robert Lee, lately one of the Greenock Deep Sea Pilots, and now retired after an honourable and successful career of two-and-forty years. You do not need, I am sure, to be reminded that from his boyhood he had set his heart on being a Pilot, and from the first day he went to

sea was eager to learn, and willing to be taught, anything and everything that would fit him for the work he had in view. Most boys and most men put off preparing till they see an opening. But they who are wise get everything ready, and when a chance in life comes, which just means when God comes, they have their lamps lighted and trimmed and are able to start at a moment's notice. Everything that you learn will come of use some day, and everything you refuse to learn means the shutting of a door by which you might enter in God's Own time into some mansion, or position, which He has prepared for you.

The first vessel which Mr. Lee piloted was the *Achilles* barque, of 600 tons, 1st November, 1853. In those days there were Pilot Cutters on the Clyde, with six or seven pilots in each, which went out to meet incoming vessels. Mr. Lee boarded the *Achilles* off Ailsa Craig. The last vessel he piloted was the P. & O. s.s. *Caledonia*, of 7,558 tons, the largest ship ever launched, up till that date, from any Greenock shipbuilding-yard. The *Caledonia* was taken to Cork, then right round the Scilly Isles—the famous group off the coast of Cornwall on which Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet was wrecked in 1707, when 2,000 sailors, including the admiral, were lost—and thence to Plymouth and Southampton. During those forty-two years Mr. Lee has taken charge of over 2,000 ships. Some of these, of course, he had only to take from one harbour to another in our town,



## "The Old Sailor."



*By kind permission, from a photograph by Mr. J. Paton, 59 Esplanade, Greenock.*

work which, though it took perhaps less than an hour to do, demanded often much skilful management. But he has made 512 long trips, of five, six, seven, and even fourteen days' duration, to Norway, Germany, and France. The money value of these 2,000 vessels cannot, of course,

be ascertained. But for three companies alone, the P. & O., the British India, and the North German Lloyd's, Mr. Lee has navigated ships which cost twenty-six million pounds, and all—for which he humbly owns himself indebted to the good hand of God upon him—without causing five shillings' worth of damage. I think you will agree with me in saying that he has nobly carried out the vow he made when he became a pilot, never, with God's help, to do anything unworthy of his profession.

I don't think many people know till they have been sometime at sea how honourable and responsible a pilot's position is. I remember how we all listened with astonishment to what one of the officers of the *City of Edinburgh* told us as we went up the Hooghly to Calcutta twenty years ago. Our pilot had boarded us at day-break. I can still see him stepping on to our deck, followed up the ladder by his native servant who looked so dark and walked so silently that he seemed like a being from another world. A few moments afterwards we heard that, ten days before, a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal had caused a tidal wave which had destroyed hundreds of villages on the coast and caused the loss of scores of thousands of human lives. As we went up the river we were told of the *Bore*, or rushing wall of water, seven feet high, which often goes a distance of seventy miles in four hours. Presently we saw the tops of the masts of, I think, the s.s. *Stirling Castle*, sticking out above the water. The Hooghly is

notorious for its shifting channel. In a few hours the quicksands alter their position, and if a ship touches the bottom, there is barely time to get out the boats; in less than three minutes she is swallowed up. You may remember the awful story of the British ship which touched bottom there, a few years ago, and was so quickly turned over that the firemen had not time to come up on deck. As the ship slowly settled down on the one side, their heads were thrust out of the narrow port-holes on the other side, and the poor men were drowned in the presence of their comrades, calling piteously for help that no man on earth could give.

When we were told that morning that the pilots on the Hooghly had at least £1,000 a year, some of us would hardly believe it. But before the day was done we had seen and heard enough to show us that no money in the world was better earned. The pilots on our British coasts are not in such constant danger, but there come times to all of them when they have need, not only of the utmost skill, but of the highest courage.

There are perils, of course, which no pilot can foresee, and accidents may happen for which he is not in any way to blame. "I was once bringing a vessel through the Sound of Raasay, on the east of Skye," says Mr. Lee. "The passage is somewhat intricate, but I knew it well, and as the chart showed six fathoms of water, that is thirty-six feet, and we drew only twenty-three, I felt quite safe. All in a moment the ship seemed to touch something.



We had a large party on board, about a hundred and forty or so, and fortunately, amongst them were two admirals. I showed them the chart, and we all took our bearings, and they agreed that I had taken the very course which they themselves would have done. And yet we had seemed to touch the ground. To make sure, the admirals caused a Government ship to be sent a few days afterwards to examine the place and report. They brought back word that they had discovered a sunken wreck. It was it that we had touched. The ship was docked at London, and I waited to see what damage had been done. But not a single rivet had been started, or even a scrap of paint rubbed off. We must have touched the wreck with the lowest part of our keel."

"What is the first thing I always did when I went on board a ship as pilot? Looking after the steering-gear, the whole gear from the steering-wheel amidships on the bridge, aft on the one side to the very stern, and then round forward on the other side. The rudder is a very little thing, as James says in his Epistle, but it turns the ship the way you want it, and if it won't obey you, where are you? So that was always the first thing I did. I saw not only that the chains were sound and strong-looking, but clear of pieces of rope, or wood, or coal, or anything that might jam them on either side. Vessels that have been discharging cargo are often in considerable disorder when they come out of harbour, and then their crews, as a rule, know nothing of the

ship when they join her. It is the duty of the carpenter to see that the steering-gear is all clear. But I always found it best to see for myself that everything was right. I recollect once the gear being rove the wrong way. We were going out of the harbour, and after getting rid of the two tugs that had assisted us, one at the bow, and one at the stern, I had given orders to go ahead slow. As the ship headed towards the quay wall the steersman was told to put the helm hard-a-port. But she still continued to go towards the quay instead of out from it. I at once stopped and reversed the engines, and we went astern. I sent the carpenter to find out what was wrong. It turned out that the chains had been put left-handed round the barrel of the steering-gear.

Another time, when I was taking a ship over to the Gareloch to get her compasses adjusted, the steering-gear jammed as we got near the narrow entrance to the loch. The engines were stopped, but before we could get the way off her, the ship took the ground close by Rosneath pier. She lay there, on a sandy bottom, for two or three hours, till high water, and then came off, no damage happily being done. We found out that the shackle which joined the wire to the chains was too large for the pipe through which it had to go. It had never occurred to the men who put it on to heave the chain both ways. That lesson did me good. I never trusted to anybody after that, but tried always to see for myself that everything was right."





### Carting Wool: New Zealand.

*When our sons shall be as plants . . . and our daughters as corner stones . . . when our garner's are full  
 . . . and our sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our fields ; when our oxen are well laden ; happy  
 is the people that is in such a case, yea, happy is the people, whose God is the Lord.—Ps. 144 (R. V.)*



1	S	Why are ye anxious concerning raiment?— <i>Matt. 6, 28 (R. V.)</i>
2	M	When the Queen of Sheba had seen the attendance of Solomon's ministers, and their apparel; his cupbearers also, and their apparel; there was no more spirit in her.— <i>2 Chron. 9, 4.</i>
3	TU	I got me servants; . . . . . and, behold, all was vexation of spirit.— <i>Ecc. 2, 7.</i> Solomon's own verdict.
4	W	Consider the lilies of the field: yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory (much less his servants) was not arrayed like one of these.— <i>Matt. 6, 29.</i> Christ's verdict.
5	TH	Grave clothes.— <i>John 11, 44.</i> "O vanity! O vanity!" said the father of Frederick the Great on the day on which he died, when his servants according to appointment appeared before him in their new plush liveries.
6	F	Bring forth the best robe.— <i>Luke 15, 22.</i>
7	S	The garments of salvation.— <i>Is. 61, 10.</i>
8	S	Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?— <i>Job 14, 10.</i>
9	M	My days flee away.— <i>ch. 9, 25.</i>
10	TU	I am a sojourner, as all my fathers were.— <i>Ps. 39, 12.</i> In one of the French royal palaces there was a clock whose hands always pointed to the hour and minute at which the reigning king's predecessor had died.
11	W	The feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out.— <i>Acts 5, 9.</i>
12	TH	Lord, make me to know mine end,
13	F	And the measure of my days, what it is;
14	S	Let me know how frail I am.— <i>Ps. 39, 4 (R. V.)</i>
15	S	The church that is in their house.— <i>Rom. 16, 5.</i> Melancthon called his house <i>ecclesiola Dei</i> , a little church of God.
16	M	The God of all the families of Israel.— <i>Jer. 31, 1.</i>
17	TU	Abram pitched his tent, and there he builded an altar.— <i>Gen. 12, 8.</i>
18	W	David returned to bless his household.— <i>2 Sam. 6, 20.</i>
19	TH	The voice of rejoicing is in the tents of the righteous.— <i>Ps. 118, 15.</i>
20	F	If the household be too little for the lamb.— <i>Ex. 12, 4.</i> The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.— <i>John 1, 29.</i>
21	S	The household of faith.— <i>Gal. 6, 10.</i> The household of God.— <i>Eph. 2, 19.</i>
22	S	Thou, Lord, art ready to forgive.— <i>Ps. 86, 5.</i>
23	M	Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.— <i>Eph. 4, 26.</i>
24	TU	Put on a heart of compassion;
25	W	Forbearing one another,
26	TH	And forgiving each other. Carloman, son of Louis II. of France, who was killed at the age of eighteen, while hunting, by the carelessness of one of his servants, died refusing to give the man's name that he might not be punished.
27	F	Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned.— <i>Luke 6, 37.</i>
28	S	To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.— <i>ch. 7, 47.</i>
29	S	For to me to live is Christ.— <i>Phil. 1, 21.</i> The motto of the great German theologian and preacher, Tholuck.
30	M	And to die is gain. When Baron Alderson, an English judge, was told shortly before he died that he was worse, he replied, "Worse is better for me."

December, 1896.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. IX.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 12.

**"Poor Robin's  
Dead!"**





*The Morning Watch for 1896, being Vol. IX., is now ready. Price One Shilling.*

*The Volumes for 1888, '89, '90, '92, and '95, may still be had.*

*Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.*

### "Non Omnis Moriar."

IN the *Morning Watch* for June a brief reference was made to the loss of a ship, called the *Maiden City*, off the southern coast of South America, whose crew were happily all saved. Her first officer, Mr. John M'Crea, returned home a short time ago, and worshipped with us in Greenock regularly for some weeks. He was in church as late as Sabbath, the 18th October. He looked well and bright, though some think that the hardships and privations he underwent in April had left him less strong than he appeared to be. Be that as it may, he became ill on the Monday, rapidly grew worse, and died on the evening of the 26th.

I have known few men more kindly or more lovable. He had a quaint humour, too, that was all his own, which made his talk full of surprises and delightful little turns. I hoped to get him to write some of his stories of the sea for you, but he was young and strong, and I thought there was no need to hurry. And now he is away: away on a voyage from which he will not return till there be no more sea: and I have lost another opportunity.

Like other sailors, he used to take with him, when he went to sea, a lot of "thrums," or ends of webs of cloth, of different colours, to make mats of in his leisure hours; and

prettier mats I have never seen. One of them, which I have just been away looking at, has a light-house worked on it, and two Latin mottoes which, with a sailor's sense of fun, he put round it. One of them is *Ipse Dixit*, a phrase that had often amused him when he was a boy; the other, *Non Omnis Moriar*, a saying of the Roman poet Horace, which means, "I shall not all die," or, "I shall not altogether die." It is partly to fulfil that hope, by trying to keep his memory alive a little longer, that I have written these few words about Mr. M'Crea.

In the room in which he died there was another piece of his work, made for his wife, on which he had printed the words, *Nil Desperandum*—"There is no need for despair." Little did we think, as we looked at it on the day before his death, how true were the words which follow these in Horace, though in another sense than the poet intended:—*Cras ingens iterabimus aequor*, "Tomorrow we will sail the mighty deep once more." Yes, he had sailed on every sea but one—the waters of Jordan, to wit, and these he had to cross alone. And yet he was not alone.

On the Monday morning I repeated to him the glorious promise in Isaiah 43rd: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." When I was done, he said, "Say the 130th Psalm."

Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried,  
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear.

That was the Psalm we sang at his burial, three days after.

On Sabbath, the 11th October, many of the congregation had noticed with great delight the kindly way in which he helped an old man, who was a stranger to him, up the steps that lead to our church. That was the last look many of us had of him. It is a look that we

will lovingly remember. Within fifteen days he was himself, in greater weakness, to "climb the golden stairs that lead to heaven," with a grander and a gladder company all looking on. And his own measure was meted back to him. His last words were: "Into Thine everlasting arms." "At the foot of the Cross. At the foot of the Cross."

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

(Continued from page 124.)

At the  
age of  
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SAMUEL ROGERS, a rich banker and poor poet, died in 1855. His mother was the great-grand-daughter of godly Philip Henry. Mr. Henry had four daughters, who were all married. He sometimes quoted the saying of a good woman who had many daughters:—"The care of many people is, how to get good husbands for their daughters; but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives; and then let God provide for them." Mr. Rogers' greatest poem was *The Pleasure of Memory*, published in 1792. Perhaps his best-known lines are those:

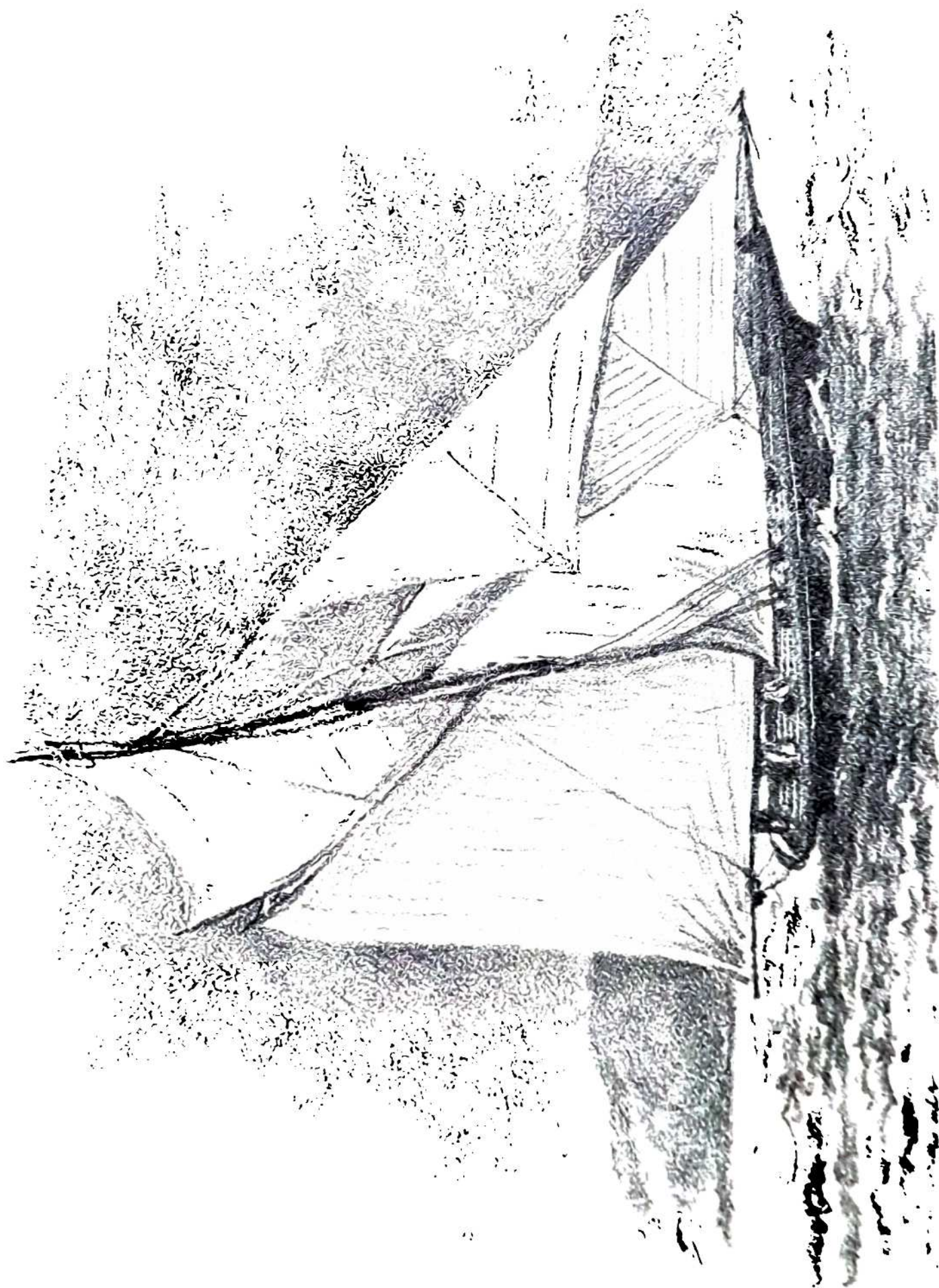
That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

In 1850, the poet-laurateship, vacant by the death of Wordsworth, was pressed upon him by the Prince Consort, but was wisely declined. The honour was then more worthily bestowed on Tennyson. Mr. Rogers is most famous for his breakfast parties, and for his bitter sayings. "I have a very weak voice," he once said, "and if I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear me." Yet they say he did many kind deeds. In his eighty-eighth year he was knocked down by a carriage, and was never able afterwards to leave his chair: but he continued to the end to write his two lines of poetry every week.

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ADAM FERGUSON, philosopher and historian, died at St. Andrews in 1816. When he was twenty-two he was appointed chaplain of the famous 42nd Regiment, the Black Watch, through the influence of the Duchess of Athol, who wished him to act as the guide and friend of her young son, who was the Colonel. Ferguson was present at the first engagement in which the Regiment took part, the battle of Fontenoy, in which the French, chiefly owing to the Irish Brigade who fought on their side, defeated the allied English, Dutch, and Austrian armies. The story goes that Ferguson was seen, sword in





and we strained every nerve, and just as he was disappearing, I got hold of him by the arm. I wasn't strong enough to take him on board at the bow, and besides the sea was so rough that it would not have been prudent to try it. Daw, being a strong man, got him in over the stern, I in the meantime being busy keeping the boat's head to sea, and watching that she took in no water.

When we got him on board, we took him below, and off with his wet clothes. The only pair of blankets on board was warmed at the fire and rolled round him; and then he vomited about half-a-bucketful of salt water. We then ran back to Pladda, got some medical comforts from an old lady who kept a shop, and Turner was soon all right again. What became of him afterwards? He was drowned in Rothesay harbour one dark morning on his way to a boat some years afterwards. And Daw? He died in our own town, at a good old age, a credit to his profession. The little boy went to sea in a sailing ship, but what came over him I never heard.

Yes, the pilots ran many a risk in the dark nights, and, of course, still do. I remember one of the hands on one of the cutters, called Jamieson, had taken a pilot in the punt to put him on board a ship one dark stormy night. The sea was so heavy that, when he got clear of the ship, the lantern which he had with him capsized in the boat, and the light went out. The pilot cutter could not see him in the dark. He managed to get ashore with his boat to leeward of Ailsa

Craig, but as no one lived on it then, he had to rough it out for a couple of days before he was taken off by a passing vessel.

"If it was too stormy to land a pilot, what happened?" In that case he was just carried away to sea in the ship. That happens many a time. I was myself once carried 700 miles west of Tory Island, on the north of Ireland, in the Woolloomooloo—eight o's in that word, mind—an Aberdeen ship. I got a passage back in a Prussian brig. I may tell you about that some other time, if God spares me. But I have known others carried as far as New York—several of them—and others as far as the equator before a homeward bound ship was sighted.

"That will be a big loss of money to them?" It's a big loss of money to the ship, for by law a pilot who is carried away to sea gets ten-and-sixpence a day till he is landed in his own home again. A pilot, you may be sure, is not a welcome passenger in these circumstances, and he knows it before the voyage is over. And then, there is not only the loss of pilot money he might have earned, but he knows that his wife and family are suffering a terrible anxiety. Yes, a sailor's wife feels that the other world is never very far away. Of course, while his own family are put about, his brother pilots at home are getting more to do, and earning bigger wages through his absence, but there is not much comfort in that.

Ay, and I have known a pilot carried off to sea, and neither he nor the ship was ever heard of again.



*The wicked borrows, and the same  
Again he doth not pay.—Ps. 37, 21.*

LONG ago, when books were very scarce and precious, they used to chain them to iron rods which ran along in front of the library shelves, the chain, of course, being long enough to allow the book to rest on a reading desk close by. Such books are still to be seen in Hereford Cathedral.

It is a curious thing that there are many people, who would be unhappy if they owed anyone a penny, who borrow pencils, and stamps, and specially books, and never think of returning them to their owners. It is a disease, apparently, that is common to all countries and all times. The Journal *Ex Libris* quoted some time ago this inscription from the fly-leaf of an old book :—

“London, March ye 7th, 1741.

If that this Book  
Wherein you Look  
By Carelessness be lost,  
Restore it me  
For I am He  
That knows best  
What it cost.

JAMES BREWINNY.

Cost me 6/s.”

And there is an American book-motto to this effect: “Book-keeping taught in three words—Never lend them.”

I have a friend who has a delightful library and a most kindly heart. I asked him the other day if he had actually lost many books by lending them. “About forty in the last

ten years,” he said.


“And how many have you out on loan at present?”

“Nearly fifty.”

“I thought it would have been more than that,” I said; “for I have three myself.”

“Let me see,” he said, taking up the book in which he enters the names and dates of those who borrow; “you have one, two, three, four, five; and one of these you have had for two-and-a-half years; March 25, 1894.”

He did not mean to reprove me, but a reproof it was, and it did me good. For I had gone to see him to borrow another, and I had not the heart; and I am going to take back some of the others soon; that is, I will take up three of them to-night.

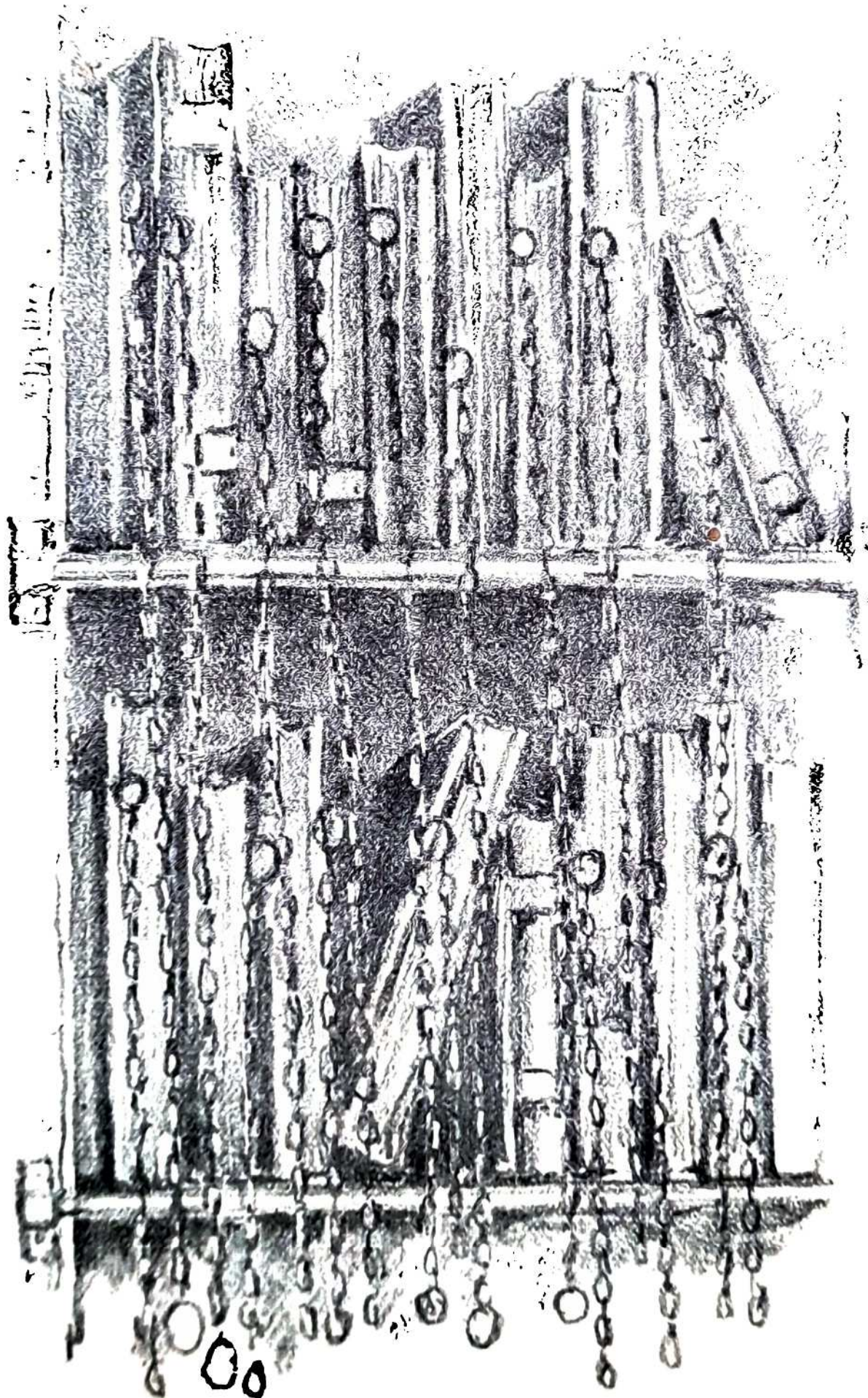
——  
*And be ye kind one to another,  
tender-hearted.—Eph. 4, 32.*

WHEN the late Col. Sir Robt. Sandeman, K. C. S. I., Chief Commissioner for Baluchistan, was a boy, he was found one night upon the stairs weeping bitterly because he had forgotten, before going to bed, to release a “blue bottle” which he had imprisoned in a tumbler.

When he was a student at St. Andrews, he walked thirty miles to Perth to find out why he had not received his usual letter from home.

When he was returning to Britain on leave, after a long period of service in India, he received a telegram, just before embarking, which stated that one of his officers, who had done good service in







Baluchistan and wished to remain there, had been transferred to another province. Sir Robert set off to Calcutta, 1,500 miles away, by the first train, to plead the man's cause with the Viceroy.

When he was dying, he repeated several times the verse, *1 Cor. 14, 8*: "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" On the last day of his life, 29th January, 1892, towards sunset, being very weak, he said, "Where are the people? I cannot speak without the people." The native chiefs and others, who were all waiting outside, were called in. He spoke a few words to them in Hindustani, and bade them good-bye. Then, each in turn, they passed by his bed, touched his hand, and said, "Salaam, Sahib." To each he replied, "Salaam Sirdar." After they had all passed, he fell back on his pillow. He was buried near Lus Beyla, at the entreaty of the natives, in a spot visible from the top of the Chief's house, from which, as he remarked, he would be able to see the grave whenever he said his prayers.

### The Three Maids.

NINE-AND-TWENTY years ago three girls left a little Fifeshire village to become servants in Edinburgh. The first thought herself clever, the second was proud of being reckoned very "deep," while the third was anxious to be good, and was only afraid she might not please her mistress.

When the first was told anything she always said, "I know, I know,"

so that people got weary of telling her things. "She knows already," they said; "what's the use of telling her?" She never improved any, in consequence, and had always to take fourth-rate situations.

The second was advised by her mother on no account to do too much. "The more you do the more you will get to do; so don't let on that you can do this thing and the other thing. Some things are very bothersome to do; just take things as easy as you can." She took her mother's advice, and like all "deep" people got out of her depth, for she was continually pretending things and then out-witting herself. To hide knowledge is as difficult as to keep a cat in a bag. It is a blunder, too, as well as a crime—I mean hiding knowledge is. And she found it so. For she was once on the point of getting a very good place, but her mistress, on being asked if she could bake, had to say, "No, I'm sorry she can't." And baking was the very thing she was best at if she liked! Only some girl had said to her, "If people know you can bake, you'll never be done baking." Another girl got the situation, and when the lady died three years afterwards, received £100 and all her furniture as a legacy.

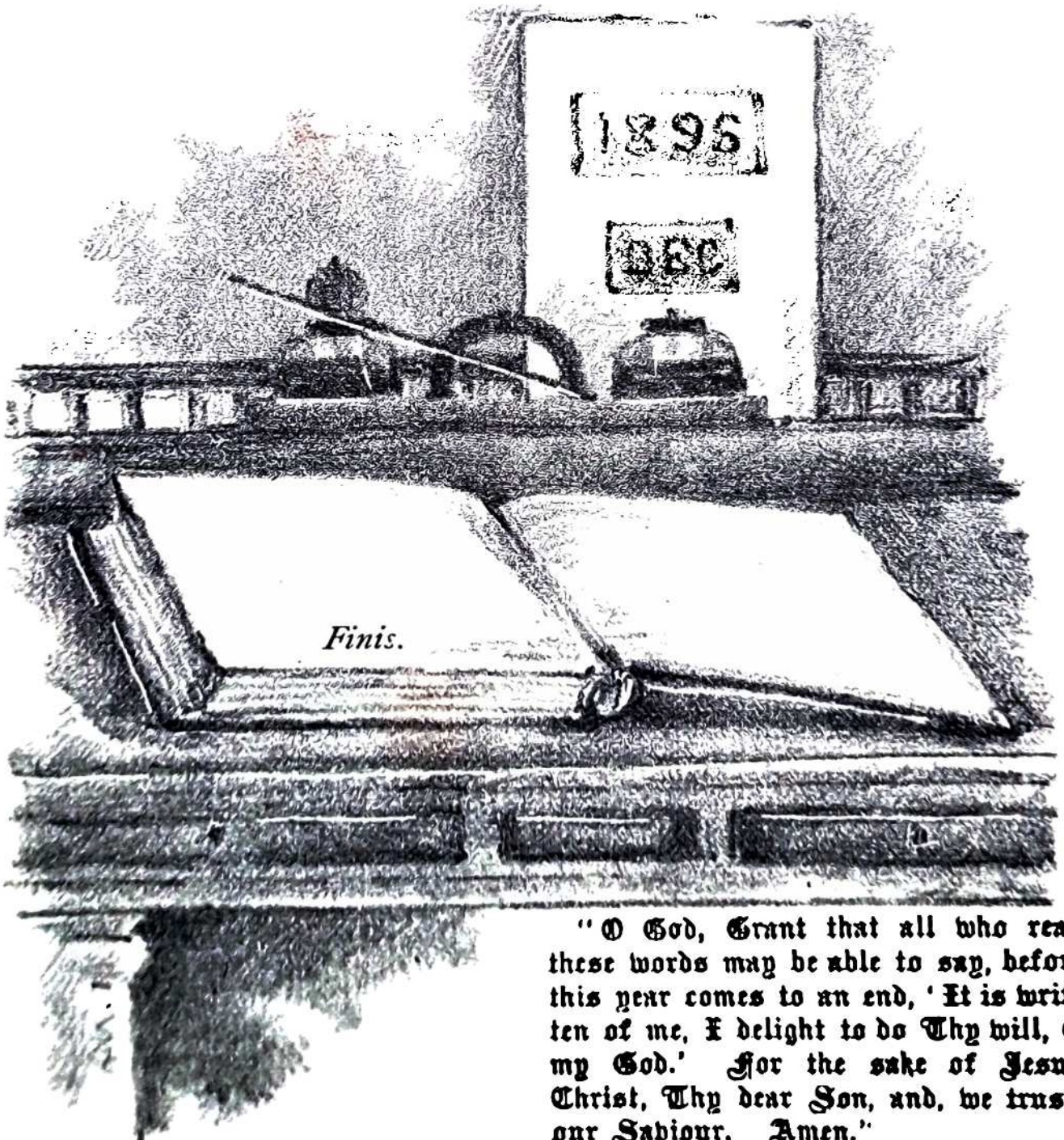
The third girl worked hard, and took advice, and was always learning, and in seven years was chief housemaid to a lady of title.

The first girl married a man who stuck at his trade after serving four years' apprenticeship, and then became a common labourer. Their four children failed in every subject at the last school inspection.

The second girl married a rogue who thought she had a little money laid past, and pretended to have some himself. They have two daughters, and their teacher says they are corrupting the whole school; "you can't believe a word they say."

The third married a fine fellow who is now the nobleman's head gardener. They have two boys who

are carrying everything before them at one of the best schools in the country. Their mother thinks they would make splendid advocates, but the boys themselves wish to be missionaries, and that is what their father and mother have been praying for, if it were God's will, ever since they were born.



"O God, Grant that all who read these words may be able to say, before this year comes to an end, 'It is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God.' For the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, and, we trust, our Saviour. Amen."



1	TU	My appointed time.— <i>Job 14, 14.</i>
2	W	It is appointed to men once to die.— <i>Heb. 9, 27.</i>
3	TH	The house appointed for all living.— <i>Job 30, 23.</i>
4	F	A day appointed in the which He will judge the world.— <i>Acts 17, 31.</i>
5	S	I appoint unto you a kingdom.— <i>Luke 22, 29.</i>
6	S	God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able;
7	M	But will with the temptation also make a way to escape.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 13.</i>
8	TU	Kept by the power of God.— <i>1 Peter 1, 5.</i> “When Grizel asked if it was true, as she had heard some one say, that in some matters men were all alike bad, Dr. M’Queen replied solemnly, ‘No, it is not true; it is a lie that has done more harm than any war in any century.’”— <i>Mr. J. M. Barrie.</i>
9	W	This is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually.— <i>2 Kings 4, 9.</i>
10	TH	Ye have an anointing from the Holy One.— <i>1 John 2, 20 (R. V.)</i>
11	F	When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercy held me up.— <i>Ps. 94, 18.</i>
12	S	They shall walk with Me in white.— <i>Rev. 3, 4.</i>
13	S	My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me.— <i>John 4, 34.</i>
14	M	I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God;
15	TU	And am sent to speak unto thee.— <i>Luke 1, 19.</i>
16	W	Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.— <i>Matt. 6, 10.</i>
17	TH	I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send?
18	F	Then said I, Send me.— <i>Is. 6, 8.</i>
19	S	And the women did run.— <i>Matt. 28, 8.</i> When Lord Palmerston first used a bell at the Foreign Office to summon his clerks, they hesitated: “he was treating them like menials; they were accustomed to be called.” One of them, however, Odo Russell, afterwards an ambassador, gave in at once, saying, “I prefer whichever method makes me the sooner acquainted with my chief’s will.”
20	S	Stir up Thy strength, and come and save us.— <i>Ps. 80, 2.</i>
21	M	He cometh.— <i>Ps. 96, 13.</i>
22	TU	He cometh leaping.— <i>Song of Sol. 2, 8.</i>
23	W	Look we for another?— <i>Matt. 11, 3.</i>
24	TH	Wait, I say, on the Lord.— <i>Ps. 27, 14.</i> The Prussian General Schmettau, after a few days’ half-hearted resistance, gave up Dresden to the Austrians in 1759. When he opened the gate to let them in, he found there a messenger, in disguise, from his master, Frederick the Great, with a letter, saying, “There is relief on the road.” Schmettau lived sixteen years afterwards, but was never permitted to see the King’s face again.
25	F	He that sat on the horse was called Faithful and True.— <i>Rev. 19, 11.</i>
26	S	I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth.— <i>Rev. 16, 15.</i>
27	S	Jesus cried, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?
28	M	He was wounded for our transgressions.— <i>Isaiah 53, 5.</i>
29	TU	The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.
30	W	Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.— <i>Mark 15, 37.</i>
31	TH	And when the centurion, which stood over against Him, saw that He so cried out and gave up the ghost, he said, TRULY THIS MAN WAS THE SON OF GOD. MY LORD AND MY GOD.— <i>John 20, 28.</i>